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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
SEPTEMBER, 1926

Correspondence

Trade Union Tyranny: A Challenge and Reply

National Union of Foundry Workers,
164 Chorlton Road,
Brook's Bar,
Manchester.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Our attention has been drawn to an article published in the June 1926 issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, written by Mr. E. T. Good, "The Truth about Trade Union Restrictions." There is one part of this article to which we take strong exception, as it has direct reference to this Society. The paragraph referred to reads as follows:

"For example, the National Union of Foundry Workers has these rules:—'Any member having so much time allowed for certain jobs shall be compelled to absorb the whole of such time on the task, or be fined £1 for each offence,' and any member 'doing or enforcing more than may be considered a reasonable day's work shall be warned . . . and if such warning be ignored . . . shall be fined.' One of the district rules says: 'Any member doing more than is considered a reasonable day's work shall be reported to Shop Committee, who will warn the member, and if such warning be ignored, complaint will be made to Branch Committee, who shall investigate the case, and, if the member or members be found guilty, a fine of 20s. will be imposed. On a repetition of the offence the member will be liable to expulsion.'

"How such rules work out may be gathered from the fact that men have been fined for putting in a little overtime to save an important and valuable casting from being spoilt."

We would like you to state the Rule under our constitution which outlines the above, and failing your being able to do this, we think it is only right and proper that you should make a public withdrawal of such statement.

We would inform you that since the National Union of Foundry Workers came into existence in 1920, in which Union there is amalgamated, the late Friendly Society of Ironfounders, the late Associated Ironmoulders of Scotland, and the late Amalgamated Society of Coremakers, there has been no Rule within our constitution which gives

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the power to our branches to impose the fines referred to by your correspondent, nor have we any District Rules or Committee Rules which carry the principle outlined overleaf.

I am, etc.,
ROBERT TILLING.
General Secretary.

I am challenged to justify a statement I made about the National Union of Foundry Workers in the June number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. The matter is important, for British industry is profoundly affected by Trade Union policy. My general charge was that Trade Unionism unduly restricted production, made things dear and scarce, and caused much loss of trade, employment, and wages. I gave many illustrations. I have drawn a challenge, or contradiction.

It is important to note in the letter above the words "since"—that is, since the amalgamation—and "constitution." There is no denial that such a rule existed in one or more of the foundry workers' unions before the amalgamation. It is something like begging the question to ask for the rule under the Society's "constitution," as my article did not state that the penalties were imposed by the constitution of the Society. But that by the way. The point is this: Is my charge that these restrictive rules exist, have existed, have been enforced to the point of fining members for doing too much work, founded or unfounded? If the particular rule in the "constitution" of the new amalgamation has been dropped, when was it dropped? Why was it dropped? If dropped by the "constitution," has it been dropped by the branches or districts? Before I give my latest evidence let me quote from a King's Bench Division case of three years ago.

An ironfounder, Samuel Blackall, of Rochester, brought an action against the National Union of Foundry Workers. Blackall was expelled because he worked overtime. The expulsion amounted to "sentence of industrial death," declared Mr. Justice Coleridge. The Judge stated that "the plaintiff, a member of the defendant union, and a twenty-five years' member of one of the unions now amalgamated with the defendant union, was a member of the Chatham branch. About November 2, 1920, the council of the union recommended the branches to pass a by-law pledging the members not to work overtime, and imposed a penalty of £2 for the first offence, £5 for the second, and expulsion for the third offence. On November 13, the Chatham branch, in the absence of the plaintiff, purported to adopt the recommendation of the council. Plaintiff had no notice of the meeting. On November 16, Weedon, the shop steward, just before 5 o'clock, the closing time, told plaintiff that overtime was to stop. The plaintiff, who was not aware of the action taken by the branch, was engaged on an unfinished job. He worked three-quarters of an hour to finish it. He asked for no wages, taking the view that if he did the job without pay he would not be violating the rule or decision the branch might have arrived at. This was his sole alleged violation of the by-law. Next day he attended a meeting of the branch. The meeting purported to confirm the decision of the 13th. The plaintiff's conduct was discussed, but no decision taken. On November 18, a branch meeting purported to fine plaintiff £2. I find," said Mr. Justice Coleridge, "that plaintiff had no notice of the meeting and that he was fined in his absence. He refused to pay fine or contributions until he

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was heard. On April 7, 1921, at quarterly meeting, he was excluded for non-payment of contributions. In the meantime a shop steward had gone to the Workers' Union and advised them not to accept plaintiff as a member. The advice was followed. The decision, therefore, was a sentence of industrial death. His whole chance of getting a living was taken from him. In his extremity he offered, about April 9, to pay the fine and contributions if he could be reinstated. On April 9 he took the money to the shop steward, who refused, on instructions, to receive it. On the same day the branch refused to receive it or reinstate plaintiff. That was confirmed on May 9 by branch committee. It is difficult to use restrained language about such actions," declared the Judge, who proceeded to explain that the action was not justified even by the Rules of the Society. This case was tried in 1923.

My information is that in the Rules of the No. 1 District, No. 7 Division (London), dated February 1921, the following provisions appear:—"Rule 7. Any member having so much time allowed for certain jobs shall be compelled to absorb the whole of such time on the task or be fined £1 for each offence. Rule 9. That all members shall, as far as possible, do a fair day's work, and any member doing or enforcing more than may be considered a reasonable day's work shall be warned by Shop Committee. . . . and if such warning be ignored the Shop Committee shall inform the President, who shall authorize a Committee or General Meeting to investigate the case, and if found guilty he shall be fined £1 and 2s. 6d. for each day he so continues to work. . . ." There are, or very recently there were, like rules in other areas.

E. T. Good.

¶ *The SATURDAY stands for an enlightened conservatism, the protection of English prestige and traditions, closer union and co-operation with our partners in the Empire, the ruthless stamping out of anarchy and Bolshevism, the restriction of the State machinery to its proper function, and freedom for the individual in his commercial and social existence.*

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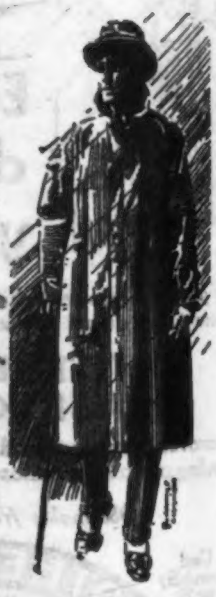

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
SEPTEMBER, 1926

Current Comments

The Strike Breaking

IN seeking another conference with the owners Mr. Cook was obviously riding for a fall, and he took it at the first fence. His plan was to win sympathy by posing as the conciliatory party, throwing the odium of obduracy on the owners, and then to force the Government to intervene in the belief that it could be blackmailed while the owners could not.

"The first attempt at negotiating a coal settlement has broken down. The . . . will not budge from their position. With dull obstinacy they repeat the old terms. They want a fight to a finish, no matter how disastrous it may be to everybody, including themselves."

Who would imagine that these words could relate to any but the miners' representatives? But in the *Daily Herald*, from which they are quoted, the coalowners were named as the parties responsible for the breakdown.

The *Daily Herald* continued: "Now is the time for the Government to justify Mr. Baldwin's professions of goodwill. Let him take a hand himself; continued inaction must cause incalculable disaster."

The manœuvre has, of course, completely failed. Even many of Cook's sentimental sympathizers are disillusioned, the Government are sensibly standing aside, Mr. Baldwin has gone to Aix, and the miners have made the first substantial movement toward resuming work and district settlements. This movement is likely to gather force and volume as it goes until Messrs. Cook and Smith find themselves finally buried in a landslide. They have made it clear that it is waste of time to negotiate with them at all since Cook, at any rate, is determined that there shall be no settlement upon any basis which could possibly last, and is aiming only at nationalization and revolution. His sinister reign is nearing its end, and it has been needlessly prolonged by the absurd delusion of successive governments that they understood the coal industry better than those engaged in it. But for the succession of Hours Bills, Royal Commissions, and subsidies, the miners and their leaders would have found their level years ago.

The Miners' Folly

It may be that the rank and file of the miners do not deserve all the hard words which their obstinacy has earned for them. But if they are not rogues, they are most certainly fools, for however they may plead that they have been misled, their leaders have been of their own choice and they should long since have deposed them. Time was when the character of the British workman for honesty and sturdy independence stood high in the world. The miners by first surrendering their independence to an alien-inspired revolutionary like Cook and an honest simpleton like Herbert Smith, then accepting Soviet bribes from avowed enemies of their country intent only upon its destruction, and, finally, by cadging round the world for alms with lying tales of starving women and children, have disgraced British labour and earned the contempt of their fellow-workmen at home and abroad. As a class substantially better paid than other large sections of the community equally deserving, and in some cases even more skilled, they have forfeited public sympathy. They can only regain their self-respect and the esteem of the nation by a period of honest endeavour to repair the loss and suffering they have so wantonly caused. Sympathy should be reserved for the unfortunate victims of their selfish and mulish stupidity.

Ecclesiastical Economics

Fine words butter no parsnips. Appeals for a "larger outlook," "more human industrial conditions," "larger wisdom," "a blend of morals and economics" and "Christian conscience," to quote only from Bishop Talbot's reply to the Bishop of Durham on the intervention of the Industrial Christian Fellowship in the coal dispute, merely obscure the issue. Of the two parties to the dispute, the employers have given many and tangible proofs that they are endowed with no mean share of that large vision tempered by sound sense and a healthy aversion from the bankruptcy court which has created the great industries of the country and provided employment for ever-increasing millions under conditions of ever-increasing prosperity. There are to-day in England few large-scale employers who need fear comparison with those of any other country in the matter of sympathetic interest in the welfare of their employees, backed by substantial expenditure upon housing, clubs, institutes, playing

grounds, etc. Where are the signs of the "larger vision" or "Christian conscience" on the part of the employed or their leaders? After frantic efforts to ruin the country, to blackmail the community, and even to sacrifice great numbers of their own class in order to snatch an illusory "victory" for a few, the leaders run for cover to some muddle-headed churchmen in the vain hope that they may escape the full humiliation of exposure in a smoke screen of false sentiment. Human nature being what it is, some brutal employers would doubtless exist, did conditions permit, and experience shows that in the past, like the beggar on horseback, some of the worst have risen from the ranks of the workers themselves. But conditions to-day do not permit, and only a malignant liar and Bolshevik like Cook and the more hysterical fanatics of the Labour Party, who live in an atmosphere of cerebral excitation bordering on lunacy, could accuse the coal owners of murdering the miners' women and babies. If the Coal Commission served any useful purpose at all, which we beg leave to doubt, since the essential facts were already well known, it should at least have convinced even the meddlers of the Industrial Christian Fellowship that all such accusations are baseless, and that, in competition with international prices, British coal, not to mention iron, steel and other products dependent on coal, could not be sold simply because it was too dear. We have yet to learn that a member of the I.C.F. is prepared to pay 5s. a ton more for his own household coal in order to save the face of Mr. Cook or to save the taxpayer a subsidy. But even should such a paragon be discovered, it is obvious that employers who have to carry on the staple industries of the country and pay wages could not for long so sacrifice solvency to altruism.

Trade Union Law

By far the most important question demanding immediate action by the Government is the Reform of Trade Union Law. While the country was still smarting from the effect of the General Strike, spokesmen of the Government announced that legislation was being considered, and that a measure would be introduced at an early date, presumably in the autumn. There is, unfortunately, reason to fear that the pusillanimity which is the peculiar disease of recent British Governments has already shown itself in more

than one member of the Cabinet in regard to this question. It takes the familiar form of anxiety to avoid "provocation." The procrastinators will not be able to plead, as they (quite wrongly) do concerning House of Lords Reform, that the question is academic. In fact "it brooks no delay," even more urgently than the Second Chamber, since the rate at which the general body of miners return to work is undoubtedly retarded by the prevalence of picketing and intimidation permitted by the present law. No one is more anxious that the law should be revised than the hard-working and patriotic majority of the working classes who have seen themselves gradually slipping into serfdom, not to the capitalist employer, but to international revolutionaries. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary, has stated very fully his reasons for believing that preparations for another general strike were already being made, that "Moscow and their Communist tools here are working underground to effect revolution in our country." He exhorts all and sundry "to work openly and firmly to counteract their efforts and make it certain that they will never succeed in this country." The necessary reforms in Trade Union Law were discussed at length in our June number. A Conservative Government which hesitated to carry them into effect would forfeit the confidence of its supporters and fail to discern the strongest desire of all the decent elements of the electorate.

M. Poincaré and the Franc.

A COUPLE of months ago the franc seemed rushing downward to its doom. Toward the end of July it turned about suddenly and began to rush upwards. A wave of confidence swept the country, and the sterling rate retreated from 250 to 150. Nothing like it had been seen since the early months of 1924, and then as now, the recovery was due to M. Poincaré. But in 1924 M. Poincaré saved the franc with dollars borrowed in New York. In 1926 there were no dollars available. His control at the head of a National Ministry sufficed to change the public mood completely, and, since there was no international speculative assault upon the franc, to send it soaring. Happily he lost no time in taking advantage of the situation produced by the mere announcement of his coming into office. He made Parliament vote taxes to yield 2½ milliard francs by the

end of this year, and 9 milliards during the next; he caused it to establish a sinking fund to guarantee the service of the floating debt and its gradual reduction by earmarking therefor the entire profits of the tobacco monopoly; and he obtained from it authority for the Bank of France to buy gold, silver, and foreign currencies in exchange for notes to be issued regardless of the limit on the rest of the circulation. The Chamber, like the public, underwent a complete change of mood. The mad dog became a lamb. The deputies went home for their holidays like good boys, and left M. Poincaré a free hand to carry on until the new session opens in the autumn.

So far so good, and quite good, too. But it would be foolish to imagine that M. Poincaré has yet pulled French finances out of the mud. The franc has already reacted to 170, and has been lower. In financial circles in Paris you may hear the opinion that it may lose more ground slowly during the next few weeks. Why? Because the franc is not yet on that solid basis which gold alone can supply. To make all possible provision for a balance of the budget by fresh taxation is good, but a balance can never be certain until the franc is assured of a definite value abroad and at home a year hence. To allocate certain revenues to service of the floating debt is also good, but until the franc is stabilized there is always the risk of a stampede on the part of holders of National Defence Bonds, which might exhaust all funds available and compel resort to inflation. It is a pity that M. Poincaré did not take his courage in his hands and lease the tobacco monopoly to private enterprise, which would have rendered it vastly more profitable than it can ever become as a State concern, even with an autonomous administration. To give the Bank of France a free hand in buying gold and currencies in the hope of enabling it to gather a reserve in support of the franc is also good, though the authorization is open to technical criticism and liable to become dangerous should the stabilization of the franc not be speedily taken in hand. It remains, in short, for M. Poincaré to stabilize by returning to a gold standard, and there he is faced by the same dilemma as was M. Caillaux. Stabilization requires foreign credits, foreign credits imply a settlement of the war debts, and the country is not yet prepared to endorse the terms of the American settlement, although it would

doubtless consent to the British. Thus it is left to M. Poincaré to try to keep the franc steady for the next two or three months without any tangible reserves, by sheer force of moral influence. Barring accidents this can be done, and we hope M. Poincaré will succeed in doing it. But it would be idle to ignore the delicacy and the difficulty of the task.

Italy and Spain

THE new treaty between Italy and Spain, whereof the text was published in Italy on August 17, has been viewed in this country generally with much more indifference than would have been the case either a few years ago or even to-day if we had not been so profoundly occupied with our own domestic troubles. The text itself is curious. Nearly two closely printed columns of the leading Italian newspapers are occupied by the paragraphs dealing with the elaborate arrangements for settling any disputes which may arise between Italy and Spain, whereas the paragraph which is really the essence of the treaty, dealing with the mutual obligations of Italy and Spain in the event of any aggression against either from outside, consists, in the Italian text, of twenty-seven words. It provides that if either country "despite its disposition" shall be attacked by a third Power, the other contracting party shall observe neutrality throughout the conflict. By itself, a treaty for the settlement of disputes between Italy and Spain might well appear almost unnecessary and in any case a matter of remote interest, since it is difficult to see what subjects of dispute between the two are likely to arise of a character so serious as to exceed diplomatists' normal capacity for settlement. But the advantages of a treaty between Italy and Spain perhaps present themselves in a more definite light to Signor Mussolini, who may consider the treaty as a new step in his "forward" Mediterranean policy. It can hardly be denied any longer that there is more than a "certain liveliness" in the Mediterranean, and it is impossible that it should be altogether overlooked in Britain. A year ago "Codex," writing in THE ENGLISH REVIEW for August 1925, drew attention to this coming change in Mediterranean politics, quoting from the *Messagero*, then a newspaper in close touch with the Italian Foreign Office, to the effect that "the Mediterranean is not an English Sea" and that the recognition

of the independence of Egypt had diminished the English title to be present in it at all except as the British High Road to India. Readers may be recommended to refer to the "Codex" article and to the conclusions regarding British strength in the Mediterranean which he drew from the facts as they presented themselves. The Italo-Spanish treaty, though in present circumstances it appears rather a treaty between two men than between two nations, has a distinct bearing upon the problems which "Codex" discussed, and its significance is not lessened by the sudden revival of Spain's claim to sole "guardianship" of Tangier.

Italy and the League

THERE is, however, another aspect of the treaty to which apparently commentators have been reluctant to refer. There is no single word of reference in the whole treaty to the procedure for the settlement of disputes to which both countries are obliged to adhere by the Covenant. The Hague Convention of October 1907 is invoked in several places, and as a court of last appeal the World Court at The Hague is mentioned. But there is no reference whatever to the League unless indeed the Covenant can be considered remotely included in the general formula of Article 8, which permits the reference of any dispute to an arbitral court either according to the provisions of 1907 "or in conformity with any other agreement existing between the two countries." But if the League appears thus to be neglected in the settlement of disputes it is sufficiently clear that it is not so neglected in determining the relations between the two countries in the event of a dispute of either of them with a third Power. The Covenant prescribes that if a member of the League has a dispute in which it has itself conformed to the League rules and is held to have been in the right by the Council, then all the other members of the League are bound to give assistance. Such a decision of the Council on the merits of the dispute must be by unanimous vote. Now the Italo-Spanish treaty appears to follow the German-Russian treaty and the Russo-Turkish treaty in taking disputes in which any of the signatories are concerned out of the province of the League altogether. This is more significant in the case of Italy and Spain than of the others because the two Mediterranean Powers, unlike the others, were members of the League when the treaty was signed.

The neutrality clauses of these treaties would, in practice, run counter to the machinery of the League and they seem to be intended to neutralize the disadvantages arising to any country from an adverse verdict of the League Council either unanimously or by a majority vote.

Airways of Empire

MR. ALAN COBHAM'S arrival at Melbourne brings to an end the first part of what he describes as his last long flight. His two latest ventures, from London to Cape Town and Melbourne respectively, have aroused such enthusiasm that it is a little curious to recall that nearly seven years have passed since Van Ryneveld and the brothers Smith first blazed the trail. It is the piston-like regularity of Mr. Cobham's efforts, however, that show the advance that has been made in aircraft science and construction since the days of those gallant pioneers. The way has been well cleared for the introduction of regular air traffic between this country, Australia and South Africa, and in 1928 the new British airship R.100 is to make its trial trip on the London-Melbourne route. Long before that, however, the two capitals should be linked together by means of aeroplane services. In January next, for instance, Imperial Airways are due to begin their weekly Cairo-Karachi service. In East Africa, again, the North Sea Aerial and Transport Company, with the financial support of the Uganda, Kenya and Sudan Governments, is to start a seaplane service between Khartum and Kisumu which may well prove to be the first link in the air-chain connecting England with South Africa. All over the Empire there are signs of the increasing development and importance of civil aviation. In Rhodesia the first experiment in aerial prospecting is afoot. The pilots of the Aircraft Operating Company, under Major Cochran-Patrick, who has done successful aerial survey work in Burma, are to make a great photographic map of an area some 20,000 square miles in extent which geologists will examine for signs of the presence of mineral deposits. The country is of the most difficult kind for ground reconnaissance, and if the experiment succeeds there will be a vast saving of time and labour. On the other side of the world the Governors of the West Indian Colonies are studying the possibilities of civil aviation with a view to reporting to Mr. Amery on the subject. An efficient system of rapid intercommunication between the scattered

Colonies in the Caribbean might well play an important part in the movement towards closer co-operation, of which the recent West Indian Conference was a clear sign.

The Australian Referendum

This country has suffered so much, particularly of late, from labour troubles that the result of the latest Australian experiment in the field of industrial arbitration will be watched with close interest. On September 4, the Australian people are to vote upon Mr. Bruce's two Referendum Bills, and if a majority is obtained for his proposals, his Government will be vested with very wide powers for the settlement of industrial disputes. Under the first Bill it would be enabled to establish an authority with power to regulate hours and wages, the rights and duties of employers and employed, and generally to deal with " trusts and combinations in restraint of trade, trade unions and associations of employers or employees." Its power would extend to the " formation, dissolution, regulation and control " of such bodies. The second Bill would empower the Commonwealth to take measures for the " protection of essential services " if they are threatened, whereas in the past Commonwealth intervention could only take place upon State invitation. These are far-reaching proposals, and it is a very open question whether Mr. Bruce, in spite of his great and growing prestige, will carry his point. The Australian public may have become so tired of the long-drawn-out industrial disputes of recent years that it will support him at the polls; on the other hand, it has thrice rejected similar proposals at previous referenda. Australian opinion is sharply divided on this issue. Some of Mr. Bruce's own supporters oppose the proposals because they fear the use a future Labour Government might make of such powers, while some of his Labour opponents attack them because they fear the use to which the present or future Nationalist Governments might put them. Mr. Charlton, the Parliamentary Labour Leader, advised his followers to vote for the proposals and has been promptly threatened with expulsion by the President of the Party. Yet it was under the auspices of a Labour Prime Minister that similar proposals were twice before put to the popular vote. Differences of opinion among Labour politicians are as marked in Australia as they are nearer home.

Unemployment and the Trade Unions

By C. M. Lewis

THE bulk of unemployment is to be found in the export trades. A table in the *Board of Trade Journal* of January 22, 1925, page 103, shows that the export trade of Great Britain for 1924 had declined to three-quarters of its pre-war volume. Other statistics contained in the same table suggest the cause of that decline. Whereas Great Britain in 1924 made her purchases (imports) at prices on the average 55 per cent. in excess of 1913, her sales (exports) were made at prices on the average 89 per cent. in excess of those prices.*

The importance of this disparity in price levels is at once obvious. It means that while Great Britain is buying from abroad at prices little more than half as much again as before the war, she is now selling or endeavouring to sell at prices not far from double. Or, putting it another way, she is attempting to establish her external trade upon the unequal basis of buying at one level of prices and selling at a much higher level. There would be little to criticize in this situation were the overseas purchaser willing to pay. But the truth is, he is rebelling against what he has some reason to regard as extortion, and diverting his attention from British to other markets where the level of prices is nearer his own. Such an over-valuation of British services as compared with those of the rest of the world explains failing demand, both through diversion of purchases to cheaper sources of supply, and through exhaustion of

* The Board of Trade no longer publishes this table, but the figures for 1925 can be deduced from other tables in the Journal of January 21, 1926, pages 71 and 72. For 1925 import prices were 55 per cent., and export prices 83·8 per cent. above the 1913 level. But the fall in the prices of British exports compared with 1924 entirely occurred in the last two quarters of the year, and must, therefore, be ascribed to the temporary effects of the coal subsidy.

purchasing power upon the purchase of a smaller quantity. A given quantity of overseas products marketed in London in 1913 for £100 would in 1924 realize £155, but would only suffice to purchase $\frac{155}{189}$, or a little more than three-quarters of the quantity of British products purchasable in 1913. Weakening demand and declining exports are adequately explained by the excessive prices of British products.

And since the margin of profit in the export trades is either small or non-existent, it follows that the only other component of price, namely, cost of production, is the source of the decline in trade and the consequent unemployment. Increased cost is attributable to the growth of three adverse factors of similar origin.

The period since 1913 has witnessed a remarkable increase in the socialistic activities of central and local government. Assiduous extension of public liability in the fields of education, housing, health, poor law, power and transport development, directly added to overhead charges through local rates. Incidental public borrowings and curtailed saving power implied in increased taxation, local and imperial, combined to raise rates of interest and throw an additional charge upon new enterprise.

Simultaneously a succession of statutes made fresh inroads upon the freedom of contract. The Compensation Acts, Trade Boards Act (fixing minimum rates of wages in nearly forty different trades), Seven Hours Act, Health and Unemployment Insurance Acts, have either been passed or greatly extended since 1913. Each has added materially to the cost of production. For example, in the coal trade, the cost per ton of compensation is now three times, and of insurance (employers' contributions) nearly four times the pre-war figure. (MacMillan Court of Inquiry.) The Seven Hours Act is generally estimated to have added 2s. per ton to the cost of coal getting.

Most damaging of all, the trade unions have used their power of excluding non-union labour to fasten more tightly upon industry a host of restrictions, which, though they do not possess the force of law, are in effect equally obligatory. Limitation of apprenticeship, of the hours of labour, and the quantity of output, fantastic rules of demarcation, substitution of timework for

piecework, discouragement of labour-saving devices, and insistence upon high minimum day wages, irrespective of the amount of work done, are the principal sources of increased cost. Lord Weir computed that the decision taken in 1913 to reduce the weekly hours of labour from fifty-three to forty-seven increased the cost of British products by 200 millions per annum. Whilst the foregoing restrictions are much less stringent in the competitive than in the sheltered trades, the latter have been able to transfer to the former their own share of increased cost, through higher charges for services, and thus to compel the export trades to carry a double burden. The cumulative effect of trade union and statutory interferences, together with the growth of taxation, has been such that in a large and growing number of overseas markets British products can no longer be sold to cover bare costs.

It is now possible to take a clearer view of the nature of unemployment. It is seen to consist in the sacrifice of the unemployed who are deprived of the hope of work, partly in order that the nation may pursue costly adventures in social reform, but principally in order that those who are engaged in the competitive trades and to a greater degree those who have sheltered occupations, may retain monopolistic privileges of higher wage rates, shorter hours, and easier conditions than are economic, i.e. such as would be determined by open competition. So far from providing proof of the failure of the capitalist system, unemployment is, on the contrary, the natural result of Socialist and trade union interferences with that system.

It is to be noted that the three adverse influences already described have a common parentage. They proceed from the virtual domination of Parliament and industry by the trade unions and their Socialist masters. A remedy for unemployment pre-supposes the limitation of the power which has given it birth, and requires drastic reductions in costs of production.

The Trade Union Act of 1913 placed a great part of the funds of the trade unions at the disposal of an extremist minority, and enabled them by a diligent and sometimes an inflammatory propaganda, conducted

through the subsidized Socialist press and training colleges, to command a political influence out of proportion to their numbers. The influence so acquired was used to obtain from Parliament concessions in the nature of social reform and industrial interference, unattainable by the exercise of the ordinary constitutional rights of citizenship. The Political Levy must be voluntary, and separated from other funds, if Parliament is to be relieved from an unconstitutional and dangerous pressure.

The industrial counterpart of the political domination of the Labour Party is founded upon the right to picket conferred upon the trade unions, chiefly by the Trade Disputes Act of 1906. Monopolies cannot be maintained except by the exclusion of outside competition. Labour monopolies are no exception to that rule. It should not be possible for coal trimmers to form themselves into an hereditary caste, nor for the building trade unions to have defeated the Government scheme of 1923 for training 50,000 unemployed ex-soldiers as building operatives, nor, again, to find the remarkable contrast of a railway porter at a country station earning 45s. a week exclusive of allowances and tips, while Hodge, who is more highly skilled and works far harder on the other side of the fence, gets no more than 32s. These are illustrations of trade union monopolies, and the case of the 50,000 ex-soldiers is an example of the ruthlessness with which they can be defended. They are in all cases founded ultimately upon the right of picketing or intimidation (convertible terms according to the report of the Royal Commission of 1903–6), exercised under the protection of the law of England. The illegality of picketing should, therefore, be reaffirmed and protection given to non-union labour adequate to break down exclusive rings and restore equality of opportunity and reward. (N.B.—Similar anti-social combinations amongst manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers should be treated in like manner.)

Industry should next be liberated from such statutory interferences with freedom of contract as aim at improving the economic condition of labour. Their destructive effect upon trade has defeated their purpose. They have depressed rather than raised the condition of the

workman. Statutory minimum wage rates, for example, can no longer be considered beneficent when their principal result is the making of unemployment.

Relief from taxation implies a reversal of the Socialist policy common to every government since 1905, of enlarging the functions of government at the expense of individual responsibility. Departmental economies are insufficient if unaccompanied by a return in policy towards the individualist system of the derided, but prosperous and progressive Victorian era.

But still more important than legislative remedies, and, indeed, as a precursor to their application, the British people must be educated in the elementary principles of economics and convinced, as they can be, that costs must conform to international prices, that social reform is no free gift but a costly purchase, that lower wage rates will be offset by lower prices and fuller employment, that trade prosperity contains a surer guarantee of a high standard of living than arbitrary regulations, and that unrestricted production will have the double effect of adding to national income, and, through the medium of lower rates of interest, to that proportion of it which falls to the share of the working classes.

A Chinese View of English Culture for China

By Mencius Junior

[*This article, by an extremely well-informed Chinaman, obliged to adopt a pseudonym—Mencius (Meng-tse, the post-Confucius Chinese philosopher), is no less interesting as a commentary upon English political conditions than as a revelation of the educated and patriotic Chinese view of foreign intervention.*—ED., E.R.]

THE advent of the committee to study the uses to which the remaining portion of the British Boxer Indemnity should be put, in order to benefit the two countries, has much significance and interest to China and the Chinese, even if it has but little to most English people, who are too much absorbed by their own pressing economic problems to devote much attention to the needs of China.

As a Chinese, it is not too easy to express thoughts to a foreign nation in the language of that nation, but as I have travelled through the whole of the Asiatic Hinterlands, a certain indulgence may be granted by readers to one who has studied all the Eastern nations with such degree of skill as his humble brain will permit.

As a premise, we here have to consider what proportion, if any, of English culture and English practices, whether individual or national, can be adopted by the Chinese people in their upward march towards progress and light, and, in considering this matter, we are bound to consider the national characteristics of the people as a whole, and not only those who by reason of business or residence have come in some degree of contact with foreign residents. We also have to consider the results in England of that civilization or culture which presumably is offered to us here, in some form or another, by those who will control the disbursement of the thirteen or fourteen million pounds concerned.

That the money may be expended upon such material things as railways, for instance, as advocated by Marshal Wu-Pei-Fu, is beside the question, because in any instance according to the spoken word of the advocates of this form of employment, the principal only would be invested in railways, and in this form would only act as a capital investment, exactly as if the money was put into, say, foreign funds, the interest arising from which would be used for cultural and educative purposes. I say " the spoken word," because it is most unlikely that the railways—if built—would ever be permitted to yield any dividends or be used as anything else but the personal perquisites of the militarist who controlled them. This is so to-day with the Peking-Mukden, the Tientsen-Pukow, the Lung-Hai and other railways, none of which is used at this present for commercial or revenue-producing purposes.

Now the present-day form of government and culture in Great Britain would appear not to be greatly dissimilar from that which we are most unfortunately burdened with here. In Great Britain, small minorities, banded together and aided by the laws of the country, undertake to say what the majorities in the country shall and shall not do. The trade unions would appear to have reached that stage of development when they, and not the accredited government of the country, in fact if not in form, control the country, its economical and cultural progress. In spite of a great majority in the Parliament of the country, the people appear, as a whole, no more able to control the actions of the small minority than we, here in China, have ability to control the power of the militarist.

Let us then consider other forms acceptable in Great Britain, as typical of present-day examples of British culture, when applied to masses of people, and see whether these be acceptable to us, with our uncounted millions, who live so near the borderland of starvation that, if it were not for the balancing aid of the Creator's acts, there would be such over-population as would cause millions to face starvation annually.

In Great Britain, the strong workers and the thrifty, the careful and the mentally efficient, the law-abiding

and the good citizens, appear to be taxed and charged with the upkeep of the slovenly and lazy, the semi-mentally deficient, the evil-doers and law-breakers; and all the vast taxation of the country is raised from the efficient, in order to minister to some one-eighth or one-seventh of the inefficient.

Looking into the matter carefully, it would appear that if a person or a family is careful and has few children, conserves its means, works hard and increases its own, and therefore the national, assets, it is charged a back-breaking taxation and a grinding municipal rate, to educate and care for the children of other people who are not careful, the relatives of other families who do not conserve their means, and other folks' luxuries which the self-respecting, hardworking family cannot afford.

Again, there would appear to be, at present, a total disregard in Britain for the right of the individual to be protected from the action of small illegal minorities—to wit, the trade unions—when such an individual wishes to exercise his personal prerogative and work as pleases himself, and not the guild or union which compels him to become its member. In fact, the individual worker in Great Britain appears to have no freedom of any kind at any time to *work well*, but only to *slack well*.

Now, you have an old proverb in England to the effect that the proof of a pudding is in the eating. If we apply that to England to-day, we are bound to say that the forms of government you use and practise in England and the Kingdom are not applicable to China. Here we have masses of people occupying lands, which, even if cultivated to the highest extent possible, can by no means yield enough to permit the workers and the labouring classes to sit back and say how much or how little they shall do, and, in fact, if not in form, to charge the eight or nine million non-farming and non-manual labouring classes of the community with their upkeep, house and wage doles, insurance doles, mad-houses, comfortable prisons, workhouses, maternity homes, children's playgrounds, schools and other amenities. These under your system they would find provided for them, never mind how much or how little they chose to work.

Our unit is the family, not the individual. Our

families work on an average, so far as the adults are concerned, from nine to fifteen hours a day, and if they cannot keep themselves and their children, then it is proven—barring, of course, the actions of natural causes such as floods, famines and other acts not controlled by men—that the family must be inefficient. As such, that family, not being an asset to the State, is better non-existent, as under the system here in vogue it will be, merely by the action of economic pressure.

Under the present English system, the upkeep of the family would automatically fall upon the general tax-payers and so would tend to exalt the inefficient at the cost of the efficient.

What we want above everything in China is the very antithesis of this form of sheltering the inefficient. We want, if possible, to *improve* the efficiency of the unit by every means in our power; so it is evident that the British method will be useless to us here.

Again, it is generally admitted in the world of thought to-day that specialism in some form or other is essential in order to obtain the best results in any pursuit or calling. Following this thesis along, it must be obvious then that the specialists in any one particular art or calling must inevitably be in the minority when the whole of a people have to be considered. For instance, Bismarck is credited with having included in his frontier or boundary commission, inaugurated at the close of the Franco-Prussian war to delimit the frontiers of France and Germany, certain well-known geologists, so that he might lose no mineral deposits worth having on the frontier.

Yet, by the accepted terms of the spoken and generally understood methods of government in England—and this applies to all the Kingdom—majorities are accepted in the formation of the various governments in power. How can the ordinary, uneducated or semi-educated person, employed in, say, a pottery district in the inland country, possibly know as much on the general economic needs and necessities of English government, especially of your Empire and foreign policy, as, say, the head of one of your great banks, which has branches all over the world and knows by the exchanges the actual situation

of the country and that of others? Yet each of these people has equal powers of determining which party shall sit in power, in Parliament.

Such a method would be utterly and entirely impracticable here, where the people are scattered over immense areas, and where the Russian situation in, say, Turkestan and the Pamir frontier would be unheard of and unknown to the coastal provincial folks of the south.

We have suffered enough already from the mischievous activities of the teaching staffs of missionaries, from the days of the early Ch'ings even unto the present day, when bands and droves of American and other missionary workers have long been constantly interfering in political and economic matters with which they should have no concern.

We have suffered enough for any nation by the constant interference in things political and things economic at the hands of all kinds of well—and perhaps evil—meaning folks. Not alone have the Russians under the Soviet hampered and plotted against us and our well-being.

Our people are not as yours. We have our own culture sufficient for our needs; but we could well do with earnest teachers and workers who would teach us forestry, cotton-growing, silk-growing and the improvement of the manufactured article, the economic operation of our railways, the improvement of our dikes, river training and flood protection works, the betterment of our medical and hospital services. But such teaching should take *actual, practical forms* and not be confined to teaching school children and the youth of the country in academies and colleges, and the teachers should not mix the teaching of your forms of knowledge in regard to governmental institutions with ours.

Your forms of faith and government are your own. You have evolved them for your own use. We are not your people, and it is for us to evolve our own forms of government as suits us best from the chaos in which we find ourselves now engulfed. We are not enamoured of your forms of government, nor do we believe that guilds and trade unions should, in fact, govern a country, any more than our military faction should—both being

minorities opposed to the general welfare of the country as a whole.

And certainly we do not want to be burdened with an exotic, spoon-fed population, who have to batten for a living on the hardworking, thrifty members of our race.

Certainly the Powers could help us, if they really wanted to, to set our house in order, to do away with the speculation, greed and power of the militarists, to break the power of those countries who look upon our territory as so much land to be grasped in their southward and western march from their own borders, and our populations as so many tax-paying units to enhance the returns of their own impoverished exchequers. They could set us on our feet and help us to recuperate our sadly diminished prestige. But this would entail an expenditure and an unselfishness not likely at this time to be expended on Asia, and it would also entail a greater amount of mental and moral courage than any of the Powers at the present time possess.

Except possibly Japan no country is sufficiently interested in China to make any great sacrifice for her or her people, and we will leave the missionaries—especially the Protestant missionaries—out of the discussion, because one has only to see the palatial mission stations, their summer cottages and seaside houses, coastal conference rooms and other amenities to understand why it is that the great bulk of them come to China instead of administering to the needs of their own native populations.

Great Britain can, however, learn by the mistakes of other nations what not to do with her gift to China; and if she teaches our people to *work with their hands* instead of preaching sedition with their mouths, she will at least have gone far along the road to removing or at any rate not enhancing one of the greatest evils we have at this time to deal with.

The Irish Free State

By Bruce Craufurd

"ERIN, the restless, ever discontented land. A true woman, scarcely knowing what she wanted, but always asking, always dissatisfied with what she got. Jealous of others' gifts, ignoring her own, and given twice as much as others to allay her peevishness. Who, with a woman's reckless fury at being thwarted or ignored, could order murder or pillage to appease her fancied jealous wrongs; who would weep for it five minutes later, heartbroken at her work." (Conyers.)

These words are as applicable to Ireland to-day as they were twenty years ago, when they were written.

Ireland is still the true woman, upon whose decree of divorce from Great Britain the ink is scarcely dry, before she is flirting openly with other admirers, yet secretly hoping for her discarded husband to return to her.

The Irish race is a community old in history, but new in self-government, struggling under unaccustomed conditions, and with problems, both old and new, for which she is still groping for a solution.

A stranger, visiting that land of inconsistency after a long interval, cannot forget recent events during the war and during subsequent years, and is inclined to view the country and its inhabitants with a critical and inquiring eye.

The Free State Government claims to have established itself firmly with four years of experience behind it, while the Republicans are represented as steadily losing ground. The settlement of the Boundary Pact may prove the final ruin of the Republicans. They had a chance of overthrowing the present Government, if all their representatives had taken the oath, and joined the Socialists, Independents, and Farmers' Party; they have missed their opportunity through their excessive hatred of Britain.

The Socialists allege that their opposition to the Pact was due to consideration of minority rights in the north, but it was really based on the Government policy as regards the Shannon scheme with its labour troubles.

The Boundary Pact reverts to a state of affairs which was rejected by the old Nationalist Party, except for a

few advantages to the Free State, such as their own customs, their own army, and constabulary, etc. The boundary is not an ideal one, as it leaves Nationalist centres in the north, and cuts off Londonderry from its commercial hinterland. However, it is unlikely that the north will ever agree to a revision of the boundary, so that the partition of Ireland is probably a permanent factor for long years. One effect of it is an improvement in the relations between Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and the Free State. Mr. Cosgrave paid some remarkable tributes to British statesmanship, and to the toleration of the north, in his statement on the subject in the Dail. It can only be hoped that these statements will bear some practical fruit in the relations between the north and south of the distracted Isle.

The remission of the liability of the Free State to Britain under Article V of the Treaty of 1921 has caused much satisfaction in Ireland. It is recognized that the claim was not fixed at a definite sum, and would require collaboration before any figure could be mutually agreed on. At the same time an undefined liability of this nature was a hindrance to the raising of foreign loans. It is, however, regretted in Britain that no mention was made during the negotiations of the British guarantee on the loan of £160,000,000 under the Irish Land Purchase Act, a purely Irish liability, which the Free State might have shouldered, at least in part.

The Southern Irish are in a restless and disturbed state of mind; they are increasingly doubtful whether the self-government, for which they have been agitating during many years, is really what they want, or if it suits their own interests. They have not quite an easy conscience regarding the methods employed to bring about the separation from Great Britain.

The country folk have a curious mentality about the turbulent events of the past few years, which can best be described by the following views of an old peasant. He said: "We can understand that war against foreigners, such as the Germans, the French, or the English, is perfectly fair, but when Irishmen fought Irishmen after the English were thrown out, that was bloody murder and senseless destruction."

The tragic events during the struggle between the Free Staters and the Republicans in 1922 and 1923 have left a deeper impression on the Irish people than the similar, and even more treacherous, acts committed by the Irish themselves against the British.

However, the community in general are now heartily sick of internal strife, and are looking for the development of that Utopia which was promised to them as soon as they could manage their own domestic affairs.

There was a slight revival of disturbances during the negotiations on the Boundary Pact; acts of violence to prevent British war films being exhibited; smoke-bombs during the armistice day ceremonies; rescue of seventeen Republican prisoners from Mountjoy jail. But these are the acts of the discontented minority, and do not represent popular sentiment.

But how is the Irish Utopia working out in practice? The Prime Minister of the Free State, during his visit to Rome, claimed that the Free State is one of the most progressive countries, and took credit for many measures adopted by his administration. But inquiries in the country do not reveal so optimistic a view amongst the population.

The first and most pressing hardship in every Irish household is the cost of living, higher even than in post-war England. Even for local produce, such as meat, milk, butter, and eggs, prices are not below but above those ruling in England. For imported necessities and luxuries customs duties have raised the price far above those in force when the Irish market was free for British goods.

The Customs officials struggle hard with their new duties, and in most cases successfully. But the inevitable delays, disputes, and friction, due to a new protective system, cannot be overcome at once; nor can a whole community, unused to and irritated by such restrictions, be educated to rise above them for a long time.

The new Civic Guards have recruited a good type of young men, and have taken up their duties all over the country with little friction. Their chief weakness lies in the higher control and direction, which lack the experience and prestige of the old Royal Irish Constabulary.

The Free State Army has been reduced in strength

to under 20,000. The regimental officers and men are youthful, but lack military training or experience of any military tactics beyond the ambush and the raid on unarmed civilians. A small proportion consists of old soldiers who served in the British Army during the war, but this qualification is still a drawback to a military career in Ireland. An impetus to military instruction is hoped from a visit of twenty Free State officers to the United States to undergo a course of instruction at West Point.

But it is on the economic side that the first great illusion has unfolded itself for the Free State. "Ireland for the Irish" is a fine rallying cry, which, in different forms, gathers adherents in every country, but when it is translated into practice it proves somewhat hollow. During 1924, 98 per cent. of the Free State exports were sent to Great Britain and Northern Ireland; while from these countries she obtained 80 per cent. of her imports. Her adverse trade balance for that year was £17,000,000. In 1925 her exports have decreased, largely owing to the decline in the cattle trade, in which Ireland is being forced from the British market by Canada and New Zealand. For 1925 the adverse trade balance was estimated at £25,000,000.

The Irish exports are mainly cattle, agricultural and dairy produce—and doctors. Where is she to find an alternative market to Britain?

Shipping she has none; local industries are chiefly represented by the liquor traffic and artificial manures; her local available wealth is meagre, and her foreign credit low; while the tax-gatherers' demands press heavily on an impoverished population.

No longer can the cry for succour be sent to John Bull with his bulging pocket-book. Self-sufficiency has proved but cold comfort for an empty cupboard.

The Government solution of the economic problem is the development of local industries, in order to escape the exactions of British imports. It was with this object, ostensibly, that the scheme for the electrification of the River Shannon was brought to a practical issue recently.

The Shannon scheme was prepared on the initiation of the German firm of Siemens-Schuckert, no British firms

having been invited to investigate the project. The detailed plans of the German firm were submitted by the Government to a commission, composed of Swedish, Norwegian, Swiss, and Dutch experts.

After full inquiry and inspection of the local conditions this commission passed the German plans with only minor modifications. A contract was entered into with Siemens-Schuckert, and work was begun last autumn.

Labour troubles were caused by the excessive demands of the Irish trade unions, who have gained a firm hold over local industries. Now that the time has come for labour to be engaged for Government work, the past attitude of the administration is recoiling on its own head. For it should be realized that the contract for the Shannon scheme is not based on an "all in" price to be paid to the contractors; the bills for wages and materials are submitted to the Government for payment, with a surcharge for profit, administration, etc., to the contractors. The trade unions are therefore striking against their own Government and not against the German contractors.

From the technical point of view the prospects of success seem assured, based as they are on the accumulated experience of experts of many nationalities. The project contemplates three stages of development by raising the storage capacity of Lough Allen, Lough Rea, and Lough Derg, to various levels. The available volume and head of water will be utilized at one single power station at the mouth of the River Shannon, near Limerick. The current will be distributed by trunk lines and branch lines to transformer stations in every important city and town throughout the Free State.

The weak point in the scheme is the doubt concerning the demand for current from the population. The uses to which this current can be applied are many: illumination, domestic purposes, industry (in factories and in agriculture), flour and corn mills, creameries, tramways, heating, electro-chemical manufactures, and last—but not least—the electrification of the existing railways.

Estimates of the probable demand for current have been based on statistics in European countries, which enjoy the benefit of local supplies of raw materials for

factories, and possess highly civilized populations with hard-working and highly-paid labour. These factors for the basis of estimation can hardly hold good in Southern Ireland, where raw materials are wanting, and its population is mainly agricultural, accustomed to primitive methods, not in an advanced stage of education, nor noted for its devotion to steady hard work. It will require much inducement for the conservative people of the west to be educated to the advantages of electric power, even if it be possible to deliver this at a very low rate to the consumer.

There is, moreover, another side to the electrification question which is not to be ignored. The German is an organizer and business man of first-rate ability, who looks far ahead before he embarks on new enterprises. The policy of peaceful penetration is not unknown in Berlin. Ireland offers a clear field for exploitation with a comparatively undeveloped country, a population easily influenced, and, in general, exceedingly ignorant, and with leaders endowed with little technical knowledge or organizing ability. The Shannon scheme involves the employment of technical German engineers in any important place, and a demand for local labourworking under German supervision. This will continue, not only during the construction period, but during subsequent years for maintenance and distribution requirements.

Nor is the Shannon scheme the only German activity in the country. The Limerick dock improvement; housing schemes in Dublin; contracts for all classes of electrical goods; the purchase of sulphur mines near Wicklow, and of cement works near Limerick; all these show signs of more widely-spread interests. Moreover, the Hamburg-America and Deutsche-Lloyd Steamship lines have made Queenstown a more frequent port of call, which brings no profit to the companies.

In spite of high taxation and an adverse trade balance large grants have been made for road improvements; subsidies have been given for the sugar beet industry; compensation has been paid for material damage during the troubles, though only under conditions of reconstruction—this has been increased by 10 per cent. under the Boundary Pact; the scale of official salaries is high,

and pensions are given to all and sundry who fought in the "war" against "England."

The general feeling of the community does not appear to be as anti-British as might be expected after the events of recent years. The peasantry in particular regret bitterly the disappearance of the British regime and the annual stream of British visitors. The withdrawal of the British garrison has hit the old garrison towns hard, as the Free State troops do not bring fresh money into the country.

It may well be asked, What is this ancient grudge against Britain, which roused the discontented minority to such a frenzy of local patriotism? Wrongs, real or imaginary, which have been committed against the Irish race during several centuries, have been counted against the present generation of Britons. Most of the latter, however, are either indifferent to, or ignorant of, the Irish question; they have too many troubles of their own to worry about Irish grievances. The Irish seem to draw their inspiration of national life wholly from the past. The mouldering bones of their ancestors are stirred from time to time to unearth some fresh grievance against Britain.

One looks in vain for that healthy spirit of optimism for the future, pride in the present, and satisfaction in the past, which is the life-blood of the British Dominions beyond the seas.

Could the Irish youth but see an opening for a successful career in his own country, he would not build his ambitions on emigration, with the alternative of lapsing into discontented idleness and poverty at home.

It seems to be an economic rather than a political disease which has permeated the Free State since 1921.

What path will Southern Ireland follow in the future? Will the unruly feminism of the Irish character enable the country to overcome the many problems, insoluble as some may seem at present? Or will the Irish maiden hope to find in Germany another protector, more patient with her many moods than Great Britain?

Balkan Brothers in Law

By Oliver Madox Hueffer

A VERY old Hungarian peasant—he was locally believed to have passed his hundred and twentieth year—once said, in my hearing, a very true thing, which I should like to see emblazoned in gold on the walls of the home of the League of Nations. For something like a century he had been a serf, or its equivalent, on a great estate near the town of Kaposvar, in Southern Hungary. He had seen many wars, without being much affected by them, but the latest, which had come to an end a year or so before, had made, as it then seemed, a very decided change in his worldly prospects. A new Government reigned in Budapest, presided over, as the old peasant understood, by one King Bela, and it had driven out the hated Germans who had for so long possessed the country under the ægis of the Royal and Imperial House of Habsburg. With them were gone those who, as he was told, though he had never realized it before, had for ages treated him with selfish brutality, the great princely House of Esterhazy, lords of sixty castles and innumerable acres. Very great things were expected from the new King Bela. Among other things, it was said, he had decided, having driven out the magnates, to divide their lands among their former serfs, and the old peasant was told that he himself was to become the absolute lord of some hundred acres of the best land near Kaposvar.

Because he was a very old man and had seen much, he found it hard to believe that he was to receive something for nothing in this world; and when the eager Communist, who was his informant, insisted that the world was changed, under the New Order, and that all men were become brothers, he shook his head and replied: "Certainly all men are brothers, but even my brother does not know what is in my thoughts."

As it happened the old man was wiser than his highly educated mentor. For one thing, the new Government

was not presided over by a King Bela. (You must remember, to appreciate the magic of that name, that Bela is one of the national heroes of the Magyars, corresponding to Friedrich Barbarossa in Germany or King Arthur in England. Like them, he has been sleeping for many centuries in the heart of an uncertain mountain, awaiting the time when Hungary shall have urgent need of him.) The Bela then lording it in Buda was actually one Mr. Albrecht Cohen, a Hungarian-American journalist who, incidentally, wore with the frock coat of ceremony, a bowler hat and the very brightest yellow boots that I ever saw on a human being. He was the Chief Commissar of the Soviet of Magyar Republics which then controlled the country, and as a personal friend, disciple and representative of Mr. Lenin, he was a very important person indeed, and wielded, you may take it, as much real power as any wearer of the Crown of Saint Stephen. His name, Magyarized into Kun Bela, had, curiously enough, a real effect in establishing a Communist regime in the heart of the most Conservative country in Europe, and but for one fatal error it might have flourished very much longer than proved to be the case. Having confiscated the great estates of the ruling caste, Kun Bela at first very wisely decided to divide them up amongst the peasantry, who have the usual land-hunger of their kind. Instead, under the direct orders of Mr. Lenin, he subsequently announced that they would remain the property of the State—and thereby lost all chance of survival.

Although the League of Nations and its well-wishers have grasped the fact that all men are brothers, it will not be until they also realize the rest of the old peasant's dictum that there can be any hope for a "continuance of brotherly love"—in the Balkans or elsewhere. But they might make a very good start by establishing an international law that no man shall hold the office of Foreign Minister—or for that matter of publicist—who does not know something of the foreign countries with which he is to deal. A Foreign Secretary knowing no language but his own may be a magnificent feudal survival, but he is not a practical proposition in these latter days. And certainly not until the affairs of the Balkans

can be dealt with, if dealt with they must be from without, by men who have lived in the Balkan States, and know something of their peoples at first-hand, can they hope to solve a "problem" in reality no more difficult of solution than was that of uniting, let us say, the various States of North America.

One of the commonplaces most popular with those who speak or write on Balkan subjects is that the natives of the various small States naturally hate each other beyond all hope of reconciliation—very much more than did, for instance, the English, the Welsh, and the Scots in the old days before us. Actually the hatred of the Serb for the Bulgar—though to a less degree than that of the Magyar for the Roumanian—is a purely artificial feeling, which has been sedulously inculcated, for political reasons, by various foreign rulers, originally the Porte, later the Austrians and Russians, to-day—but the history of to-day has still to be written. Actually, again, however diverse their origins, the real differences of to-day among the Balkan peoples are based very much more upon occupation than upon race. We are told, for instance, that the Magyar is a convinced Royalist and jingo, determined, at all hazards, to win back the former Habsburg Hungarian possessions to their widest extent, even though he throw the whole world into new convulsions. In reality the Magyar peasant, who forms the greater part of the nation, is interested in exactly such problems as affect those of his brother-peasants who happen to live across the old—or new—frontiers, or for that matter in any other countryside of a similar climate. Sentimentally, as I have said, he would prefer to be ruled over by some one called Bela, but whether that Bela be King or Communist affects him only so far as it affects the probability of his owning his own land. That there are a certain number of disgruntled magnates, who wish a Court for social reasons, or of calculating bourgeoisie who scent personal profit in one, only affects the question to this extent that, in foreign eyes, when seen through the magnifying medium of the Press, they acquire a vastly greater importance than is their due. You may find exactly the same kind of people, and very many more of them in Paris to-day, but we do not,

therefore, regard the French nation as clinging to the monarchist tradition and ready to set the world on fire if, thereby, they may bring back the Bourbons.

We are told similarly that the Magyars of Transylvania hate their Roumanian conquerors, and would revolt against them to-morrow were there the slightest chance of success. This may or may not be true; certain it is that their hatred is not against the Roumanians of their own class and interests, but against officials acting under the orders of the Hohenzollern ruler who, because he is seriously menaced by the Russians on the one side feels it necessary to crush out possible seeds of disaffection the more harshly on the other. After the liberation of Bulgaria from the Turkish yoke it was widely declared that the Bulgars would fall upon the Pomacks—their Mohammedan fellow-tillers of the soil—and massacre them ruthlessly. Instead, as anyone who visited that country in the early years of the century can testify, within a very short time they came to live with them on terms of perfect amity, meeting and chaffering at market, cheating each other as enthusiastically as though they were of the same faith, and when they hated each other at all doing so for purely business reasons.

¶ Were it only possible to make a ring-fence round the Balkan States whereby the machinations of self-seeking foreign Powers could be absolutely excluded, to deport or exterminate the international scum which, there as elsewhere, rises to the top when anyone starts fishing in troubled waters, and to leave the people to choose their own form of native government, there is no doubt at all that the United Balkan States were as easy of achievement as the United States of North America or the United Kingdom of Great Britain. It is, unfortunately, likely to remain no more than an ideal until we realize that, although we are all brothers, we have no excuse for interfering in our brother's affairs until we are quite sure that we know what is in his mind.

The Making of Anatole France

By Francis Gribble

One may confidently predict that someone will some day write a book called "Anatole France et les Femmes." It is the common lot of illustrious Frenchmen to be treated in that way by biographers who are not always, or even ordinarily, hero-worshippers. And one may further be sure that the book, when it does come to be written, will be more amusing than romantic, and will insist that Anatole France would never have been the man he was if Madame Arman de Caillavet had not taken him up and driven his genius along the paths which she wished to see it follow.

Stress is laid upon that fact in a letter written by "Gyp" to Madame Arman de Caillavet's daughter-in-law:

> I know ("Gyp" wrote) all that Madame de Caillavet did for France, and can bear witness to it. I made his acquaintance in 1882. In those days only a few men of letters knew anything about him. His awkwardness, his shyness, his complete ignorance of the manners and tone of good society seemed to destine him always to remain an outsider, however great his talent. It was Madame de Caillavet who educated him in all these matters. We observed, with amazement, the rapid change that came over him, without, at first, suspecting the cause of it. Your mother-in-law did for France exactly what Madame de Loynes did for Lemaître. In my opinion France did not owe his widespread celebrity to his ability. The majority of the people—even the men of letters among them—who bowed down before him would never have discovered him without Madame de Caillavet. If it had not been for her, he would never have been an Academician.

"Gyp" herself, indeed, had first-hand knowledge of Anatole France's need of a monitress to coach him in social usages. She liked him, in spite of his lack of social polish, and invited him to visit her at Lion-sur-mer; and she warned him, one evening, when giving a dinner-party, that he must not forget to dress for that ceremonial banquet. But he did forget, and came down, a little late, in a lounge suit, with a black boot on one foot and a brown boot on the other, and one of the boots unbuttoned. She must have been a very tactful hostess to be able to convince him of his error without hurting his feelings.

Much as Anatole France owed to her, however, he owed far more to Madame Arman de Caillavet. The

education which he received from her was not casual but systematic. Her salon was a veritable school of manners for him, and also, as has been said, the forcing-house in which his genius was brought to fruition.

She was the daughter of a Bordeaux ship-builder and the wife of a wine merchant. She was very clever and reasonably rich. She needed an interest in life because she and her husband had no tastes in common. A salon was clearly indicated. She had been trained, so to say, as a *salonière,* by her friend Madame Aubernon. She had met a number of literary people at Madame Aubernon's house, and she knew others through Dumas fils, whose daughter her brother had married. So she bought Arsène Houssaye's house in the Avenue Hoche and established her literary salon there. The day came when Jules Lemaître asked to be allowed to introduce a friend, and that friend was Anatole France.

At first she did not like him. Jules Lemaître related, in after years, that he had had the greatest difficulty in inducing her to invite Anatole France to her Wednesday dinners. Her husband, who cared nothing for literature, appears to have been readier to invite him than she who cared so much for it. She, on her part, was keenly alive to his social shortcomings; and she did not like his wife. "Your father," she wrote to her son, Gaston de Caillavet, "has asked him to visit us, at Campian, with his whole family party. I confess that that would bore me so much that if they accepted the invitation *en bloc* I should find an excuse for putting them off. If he comes alone it is another matter."

Two incidents, however, presently helped to smooth and simplify their relations.

In the first place Madame Arman de Caillavet quarrelled with Madame Aubernon. Each of the two ladies was trying to furnish her salon with guests at the other's expense. Madame Aubernon took Jules Lemaître away from Madame Arman de Caillavet, though only to lose him to Madame de Loynes. It suited Madame Arman de Caillavet to retort by taking Anatole France away from Madame Aubernon; and she enjoyed her hour of triumph when she heard that Madame Aubernon had stopped Anatole France in the street and asked him whether it

was true that he had said that her parties bored him, and that France had replied that it was quite possible that he had made the remark, though he had not intended that it should be repeated to her.

In the second place Anatole France and his wife were divorced, and Madame Arman de Caillavet was one of the causes, albeit an innocent cause, of their dissensions.

Madame France, according to Madame Arman de Caillavet, was a lady of domineering character. Her husband, by all accounts, was a man of impetuous temper. Relations were severely strained between them when he found her wickerwork dressmaker's mannequin in his study, and he picked it up and pitched it out of the window into a neighbour's garden. They were still more severely strained when she caught him hanging up on his study wall, with the help of a workman, a magnificent strip of stamped velvet which Madame Arman de Caillavet had given him, bounced out again, and locked him and the workman in. The final scene in the drama was subsequently described to "Gyp" by Madame France herself:

> He was writing an article. I came in and made some remark. He replied. The conversation ended by my calling him a——. Then he got up from his desk. I thought he meant to leave the room, and I went away. A moment later I heard the front door slammed. "He can't have had time to dress," I thought; and I ran to the window and saw him closing the garden gate. He was still attired in his dressing-gown and his skull-cap. The cords of the dressing-gown were trailing in the street behind him, and he was carrying on a tray his ink-pot and the article which he had just begun. An hour later he sent someone across from the Hotel Carnot to fetch his clothes and deliver a message.

The message was merely to the effect that he had no intention of returning. He kept his word; and his keeping of it placed his relations with Madame Arman de Caillavet on a new footing. Her heart went out to him as to a man without a home; and she gave him a standing invitation to lunch and dine with her every day. The intimacy thus established was, we may take it, the real beginning of his social education.

It was a curriculum which still had to be pursued in the face of obstacles. The separation from Madame France had removed one obstacle; but other obstacles remained. Anatole France in a salon was still like a fish

out of water. His literary reputation was not yet great enough to enable him to impose himself in spite of his grotesque eccentricities. He was a lazy Bohemian, out-at-elbows and awkward; and the other *habitués* of the salon—a salon, be it noted, like Lady Blessington's, in which more men than women were to be met—made no secret of the fact that they regarded this "journalist" as their social inferior.

He was clever, however; and Madame Arman de Caillavet delighted in cleverness. Stupid people bored her, however well-born and well-bred they might be; and she hated to be bored. As a child she had told her nurse to throw her baby sister out of the window because its crying bored her; and she now resolved to disconcert the bores by training this Bohemian whom they scorned to beat them on their own ground and write a story of adultery in high life better than any of them.

It cost her a good deal of trouble to persuade him to make the effort. The subject did not interest him, and he was diffident. He knew nothing about these society puppets, he said. If he wrote about them he would be sure to fall into silly mistakes. They would laugh at him, and they would have a perfect right to do so. But Madame Arman de Caillavet was not to be put off like that.

She was, as her son said, "a born schoolmistress," never quite happy unless she was standing over a pupil and making him work; and it was now Anatole France's turn to be stood over and made to work. So she unmasked her batteries. He could not possibly know less, she reminded him, about contemporary society than he knew about some of the ancient civilizations which he had depicted so vividly. It was mirrored in her salon. Her aristocratic acquaintances might very well serve as his models; and she herself would undertake to read his copy and correct his mistakes.

He agreed to try; and the outcome of the experiment was "Le Lys Rouge," which achieved instant and dazzling success. His name stood alone on the title page; but Madame Arman de Caillavet's name might fairly have stood beside it. The title was hers—Anatole France having intended to call the work "La Terre des Morts." She accompanied the author, and even guided him, in his

quest for local colour, taking a trip to Italy with him in the course of the search. Her notes of her impressions were placed at his disposal. Her wit supplied a number of his epigrams. Whole passages from her pen were incorporated in the story; and one gathers from the acknowledgments in his letters that a volume of respectable size might be compiled out of her contributions to his signed work. His preface to a new edition of Benjamin Constant's "Adolphe" was really hers; and she also supplied the first draft of some of his short stories.

Her collaboration with him (if collaboration be the proper word) was, in effect, a long battle with his natural indolence. If the genius was his, the driving-power was hers. She fully justified her son's description of her as "a born schoolmistress." When Anatole France was away from her she required him to write, reporting progress, like a schoolboy. When he was staying with her, she watched him at his desk and kept him up to the mark. "M. France, you are asleep," she was heard to call to him across the room. And he replied, dutifully but wearily: "No, madam, I am not asleep. I am engaged in meditation."

Thus their intimacy increased, at first by slow degrees, and then at an accelerating pace. Anatole France was taken for trips on Madame Arman de Caillavet's steam yacht. Year after year they travelled together in Italy or Greece; and his position in her salon was completely transformed. He gradually ceased to be the tolerated outsider, and became the monarch of all he surveyed. Her salon became, to all intents and purposes, his salon, just as Madame Récamier's salon became, in effect, Chateaubriand's salon. Distinguished strangers, like Signor Ferrero from Italy, and rising men of letters of the younger generation, like Marcel Proust, were brought there to be presented, not to her, but to him. It became necessary to approach her in order to induce him to accept an invitation. It would not be too much to say that she arranged a ritual for the worshippers.

It was her triumph as well as his. She had vowed that she would make him, and she had made him. Her coaching had taught him to write the sort of book that was sure to command universal attention. Her canvassing had

secured his election to the Academy. No other man of letters in Paris had a reputation comparable with his. She might well have felt that she had earned her right to say: *Nunc dimittis* and *Finis coronat opus* at the end of her twenty years' work for him.

And yet, unhappily, all did not go well, and the little rift began to appear within the lute.

Other men of letters were jealous. This treatment of Anatole France as the unquestioned centre of the literary solar system was very provoking to Montesquiou, who had been accustomed to rest his elbow on the mantelpiece and say: *Je suis un des piliers de la pensée contemporaine.* He made sarcastic remarks. Other people repeated those remarks with additions of their own. In short, the tongue of slander got busy; and though Madame de Caillavet accepted the situation, being, perhaps, too busy to notice it, Gaston de Caillavet did not like it; while Anatole France himself simultaneously developed an arrogant and imperious temper.

Madame de Caillavet still wanted, if not to collaborate with him, at least to criticize him; and his great glory had now made him intolerant of criticism. Once, in a fit of temper, when she suggested some modification of a malicious passage in his *Jeanne d'Arc,* he threw the manuscript into the fireplace, with the result that she dissolved in tears, and the chimney was set on fire. It was as the sequel—and doubtless as the consequence—of such scenes that Anatole France accepted an invitation to lecture in Argentina. The questions were to be posed: Would absence make the heart grow fonder? If so, of whom?

Appearances were kept up. Madame Arman de Caillavet gave a farewell dinner in her friend's honour. She also lent him her own servant, François, to act as his valet, and keep him out of mischief. She was sure, as she told her friends, that he would need looking after. "After all," she said, "he is only a big baby, and children always do something silly when they are left to look after themselves."

Silence ensued. The expected letters did not arrive. François wrote, indeed, to say that the lectures were a great success, but Anatole France refrained from writing.

Why? First, an anonymous letter and then a Buenos Ayres newspaper told Madame Arman de Caillavet a story which seemed to offer the explanation. Anatole France, the writer said, had married a charming actress whose acquaintance he had made on board the steamer. Could it be true?

It was a story hard to believe. Anatole France had never displayed any particular enthusiasm for the society of actresses. He had, on the contrary, always spoken of actresses with scorn.

> We all know what an actress is (he had written in one of his novels). She is generally an animal that it is pleasant to look at and to listen to; but she is always badly brought up—the spoiled child, first of poverty, and then of luxury; and she is also always very busy, and therefore as unromantic as it is possible for a woman to be. She suggests a concierge transformed into a princess, and combines the rancour of the servants' quarters with the caprices of the boudoir and the fatigues of the study.

Had he forgotten that judgment? Had he revised it? The Paris gossips speculated openly on these questions, adding dark hints offensive to Madame Arman de Caillavet and her family; and then it turned out that the report of Anatole France's marriage, like that of Mark Twain's death, had been "grossly exaggerated."

There had, indeed, been an actress in the case. She and Anatole France had travelled together in Argentina. They had been seen together at public ceremonies; and some of the Argentine newspapers had, whether in ignorance or through courtesy, referred to her as "Madame France"; but Anatole France had, in fact, drawn the line at marriage, and had contented himself with inviting the lady to follow him across the ocean and stay with him at Villa Said.

And then he had changed his mind, and gone off to Campian to try to make his peace with Madame Arman de Caillavet; and it was while he was engaged in making his peace with her that the actress landed.

There was neither modesty nor mystery about her arrival. She had announced it. She had informed Anatole France of the day and the hour at which he might expect her; and she kept the appointment with the air of a queen making a state entry into her dominions, not in a cab, but in a private omnibus, the roof of which was

loaded with innumerable trunks, packed with the gorgeous dresses with which she proposed to dazzle her host and his friends. But she found no one there to receive her except Anatole France's housekeeper, who professed to know neither who she was nor what she wanted, and could only tell her that M. France had started for another long sea voyage.

"It seems," Madame Arman de Caillavet wrote, when she heard the story, "that Josephine has been protecting me"; but she also wrote to the same friend a few days later:

> I am far from well, and M. France pretends not to know the reason why. Apart from that our relations are as good as circumstances allow them to be; but I have not the courage to go on living the sort of life that I shall have to live. I am too much discouraged and disappointed. We go about the place buying art curios, and that puts us in a good temper; but, all the same, the whole business is lamentable.

It was the more lamentable because her son did not come to see her, being very reluctant to meet Anatole France, and she did not like to press him to do so. Her burden was hard to bear because she was attached to them both; and she began to think of herself as a dying woman, for whom death would be the welcome way out. Her condition did not improve, and the end was very near when she returned to Paris in January, 1910.

"No, no," she said to her daughter-in-law, "I am not going to get better. I don't want to. It is better that I should die. I have lost my courage. I cannot face the future."

She did not rally. Within a day or two she realized that she had only an hour or two to live, and she picked up a pencil and began to scrawl:

"Quick. Gaston and M. Fr. . ." But she had not the strength to finish. Her son was sent for, and she died in his arms. Anatole France was not there—probably was not sent for. "Her death is my death," he wrote to a friend afterwards; and though, if we may trust the testimony of those who knew him, his grief did not long remain acutely painful, it is indisputable that he had to thank her guidance, quite as much as his own genius, for that unquestioned literary hegemony which he held at the time of her death, and was to continue to hold until his own.

Beyond the Door

By H. Halyburton Ross and V. T. Croker

THERE was tense silence in the room as the prisoner, who had made the choice, turned away from the table, behind which the Turkish Commandant was seated, and moved with slow, dragging steps across the floor.

"To be shot," the grinning devil of a Turk had said, "or to go through that door to whatever fate awaited him—it might be—freedom." But his habit of mind repudiated the idea. Memories of massacre, the tribal fear that was his heritage, inclined him to scepticism. An Armenian and a spy—a spy in the pay of the detested "All Russian Union"—what hope of mercy for him at the hands of his traditional enemy, the Turk? And yet, the one chance! With the tenacity of his race and that characteristic clinging to life, even the meagre destiny in store for him, he had accepted the loophole of escape offered—actuated as much, perhaps, by a cowardly incapacity to face the alternative of certain death.

Involuntarily, as the lagging feet proceeded, Cleeve, the younger of the two prisoners left standing before the table—British officers both of the R.A.F.—jerked his head over his shoulder to watch the slouched, dejected figure on its listless progress.

A flash of pity darted through his mind, merged the next moment in contempt. Something surreptitious, cringing in the man's demeanour even now, seemed to justify the stricture; something repulsive in the glimpsed silhouette, the bent shoulders, the hooked, semitic nose, the sallow, sunken cheeks fringed with a lank growth of beard, prematurely grey. With an impulse of disgust Cleeve faced round again, his glance held by the slim, upright figure of his friend by his side—a study in contrasts! Palliser was standing with arms lightly folded on his chest, a faint, supercilious smile about his finely-cut lips, and his whole aspect one of arrogance and contempt.

As his captive neared the door, the Turk had leant forward slightly, resting his weight on the massive wrists—twice the size of an ordinary man's—planted on the table. The urbane, smiling look had vanished from his face, in the heavy-lidded eyes lurked a gleam of expectancy—expectancy of what?

A greater hush had fallen on the room, unbroken now even by the sound of those reluctant feet. The Armenian had reached his goal, had passed beyond the door. . . .

Then—suddenly—a shrill scream, piercing the silence and culminating in a burst of hoarse, animal-like cries, the extremity of a physical anguish beyond human endurance. . . .

At the sound both prisoners doubled forward convulsively, ashen of face, their gaze riveted on the dark transmogrified visage across the table.

But the Turk seemed oblivious of their presence. A sickly pallor had overspread his puffed cheeks on which the creases of cruelty stood out strongly limned. His sensuous lips were pouted as if drinking in, literally, the horrific sounds of human torture.

In a dumb, mechanical way Cleeve's memory was chronicling stray items of intelligence he had heard about this man. . . . Bedri Bey Pash, the notorious Vali of Van, now commander of the Fourth Turkish Army Corps, instigator of the terrible massacres of 1915, connoisseur in torture of whom it was said that he had delved in the records of the Spanish inquisition to discover methods outrivalling a Torquemada. . . .

And still, from beyond the door, that hellish litany continued, though fainter now; gusts of sobbing breath, long, quavering moans—dwindling at last to a whimpering plaint—then silence!

. . . . . .

With a deep inspiration the Turk leant back in his chair, his heavy body sagging as if bereft for the moment of purpose; then, as his glance fell on the blanched, petrified faces of the Englishmen opposite, he braced himself. An amused smile flickered across his eyes.

"Gentlemen, you have also your choice"—the burred R's alone betraying the foreign intonation—"as prisoners of war and—spies."

But a heated interjection from Palliser's lips challenged the opprobrious word.

Again the Turk smiled, his ponderous shoulders raised in expostulation.

"Spying by air, gentlemen—aerial reconnaissance over the enemy lines, to adopt your own phraseology—

Hein! but you English are masters of evasion—maybe a safer and pleasanter pastime than the game as played by" —the pause was significant—" shall we say, by the late prisoner? But in act and motive the crime is the same. And," his voice hardening, " merits a like penalty. So, as I have said, you have the choice, to be shot, or"—with a pregnant glance towards the end of the room. " I will give you each five minutes to decide."

But before the sentence could be concluded, Palliser's voice rapped out, " I prefer to be shot," each word falling like a knell on the heart of his friend.

Palliser to be shot! Palliser, the greatly daring " damn-all Palliser," as they had boastfully nicknamed him in the Mess—to be shot for a spy! The thing was absurd, impossible! Even that inhuman monster across the table with his perverted logic could not justify such a step. Yet through all the hot force and conviction of the boy's arguments knocked a dread certainty for which the scarifying experience of a few moments before had prepared him. Was anything impossible—after that?

With a scarcely perceptible motion of the head the Turk had beckoned to the guard ranged against one side of the hut, and, as the unkempt slatternly soldiers of the Crescent trooped forward, Palliser faced round abruptly.

The grey mask—the steely eyes told their own tale, confirming Cleeve's worst fears. So this was the end then. Had there been even a ray of hope, a fighting chance to escape, Palliser was not the sort to have acquiesced, thus stoically, in the preposterous fate that had overtaken him.

An insane impulse to fly at the throat of the complacent devil opposite seized Cleeve with the realization—to batten in the yellow, plastic face. But the sheer futility of the act restrained him.

In a stunned silence he listened to his friend's laconic words of farewell, spoken with a valorous attempt at a smile, watched the gallant figure turn away and fall in between the guard and waited, to the rhythmic tramp of marching feet, for those other sounds that must soon assail his ears—from which there was no escape.

All memory of his own impending doom was lost in thought of what was going on outside—Palliser standing

erect, calm, insouciant, to face the firing party, the sun glinting on his crisp, fair hair, that selfsame sun that had flooded them but yesterday as they mounted into the blue above the scorching Mesopotamian plain, care-free and heedless alike of danger or fatality . . . Palliser falling forward, his young body riddled with enemy bullets—Palliser——

At last, a concatenation of hoarse Turkish syllables from without, the dread order to fire—a volley—echoing—how the sound echoed! on, on, on over the drear sun-baked steppe lands—on, on, on interminably.

. . . . . .

"Five minutes."

The Turk had bent forward to examine the watch face on the table attentively, and, at sound of his voice, suave and businesslike, Cleeve roused himself with a start from his trance of absorption. There was to be no respite then in the grim proceedings. For the first time the urgency of his own fate confronted him, rendering him curiously callous, indifferent to all that had gone before.

Upon him had devolved the responsibility of that awful choice. But there *was* no choice. Palliser had been right, of course. As an officer and a gentleman, one only alternative was open to him: to choose the death his friend had accepted so readily, so unhesitatingly.

"Four minutes."

"I prefer——"

Cleeve heard his own voice articulate, but the remaining words would not come. There was a hiatus somewhere in his brain—or was it his will?

Subjectively his mind was concentrated on those massive wrists on the table. It would take a crowbar to lift them, he reflected, smiling inwardly the next moment at the absurd illusion.

Ugh! How hot it was—and the flies!

Pulling out his handkerchief, he flicked a persistent settler from his forehead.

"Three minutes."

Under his heavy lids Bedri Bey was watching him, and, as he met the stealthy glance, Cleeve had a sudden conviction that all along this man with his subtle, Oriental mind and innate sense of psychology had forecasted

accurately how each of his several prisoners would choose—that he was calculating even now on his own failure to face the alternative of certain death, calculating that he would falter as the Armenian had done—choose the door.

A dreadful sense of impotence assailed him with the thought, an over-mastering dread of what his weakness might impel him to. Horseshoes nailed to tender soles—like a flash there recurred to him the crowning inspiration of the man across the table, the hellish device that had earned him the grim soubriquet of the "Marshal blacksmith."

"Two minutes."

A blue-bottle was droning somewhere up among the plastered rafters of the hut, and the drowsy sound awakened familiar connotations in the boy's mind—the vicarage garden—tea set out on the lawn and Nancy lolling on a deck-chair, flushed and heated after a set of singles; Nancy, with her brown eyes, speckled like a wren's egg to match the freckles on her face—those eyes drowned in tears as she had clung to him on the day he sailed for the East—Nancy's voice—"You will come back—you will come back to me, Dick!"

"One minute."

Sixty seconds left in which to make his dreadful, irrevocable choice. Yet, strange to say, Cleeve had no longer any sense of crisis. The awful suspense and uncertainty of the past five minutes were over. Something had happened to rid the decision of its terrors, something he did not attempt to analyse or explain.

"I choose the door," he said, regarding the dark, expectant face across the table indifferently. Then turned and moved with firm, unfaltering steps across the room and through the fateful exit.

. . . . . .

"So!"

The Turk lay back in his chair and laughed. The game was over, but it had been vastly amusing. Deep down in his complex personality flickered a spark of humanity.

He was almost glad that his last victim had chosen the road—to FREEDOM.

Ruskin Was Right

By Merevale

It is now eighty years since the first volume of "Modern Painters" was issued to the world from the pen of "A Graduate of Oxford." We can scarcely realize to-day the sensation which that volume caused amongst the art critics, art students, and art connoisseurs of that remote Victorian age. To many of them the principles enunciated were sheer heresy, and great was the outcry accordingly. But these principles were stated with great power and precision, with considerable assurance, and with convincing eloquence. There was truth and sincerity in what was said, and Ruskin's teaching on art became in course of time the accepted doctrine—Ruskin himself the acknowledged master.

Most emphatically in recent years there has been a great reaction. Ruskin has been tested and tried merely on his merits. His books have been read by a new generation—with inquiring interest, certainly—but coldly and critically, not with any warmth of partiality, not with the glowing ardour of enthusiasm, not with the reverent homage of the disciple. Ruskin has been found not impeccable, not infallible. And all the little critics have taken advantage of the temporary obscuration. It is fashionable now to show where Ruskin was wrong. Ruskin exaggerated, Ruskin was misled by an intensely poetic imagination, Ruskin had eloquence, which, as we know, may cover a multitude of errors!

For myself, I think that it will do us good to get back to Ruskin. It does not really matter whether Ruskin's judgment was always sound, whether specific pronunciations were always technically accurate, or whether his own personal prejudices were always excluded. What does matter is that Ruskin was fundamentally sincere and genuine, that he penetrated beneath the meretricious appearance of things to the core of meaning that lay beneath, that he always emphasized the ideal that ought to guide and control. It is just the absence of idealism in the art of to-day that leaves it lacking in ultimate appeal. The little critics who can always say "where Ruskin was wrong" have really no idea of what Ruskin really meant.

They are merely gazing with dull and narrowed vision at a point just a little beyond the end of their own individuality, and taking the whole tenor of their talk from the tone of the time. But Ruskin was seeing into the truth of things, and speaking of the meaning of art at all times and in all places.

The book which Ruskin called "Modern Painters" was begun as a vindication of Turner against contemporary criticism, and his achievement in this connection is that he recognized the greatness of Turner's work far in advance of his age. A genius is seldom recognized as such in the course of his own life, any more than a prophet receives honour in his own country. The reason is that he is in advance of the ideas of his age—he is a forerunner—he is breaking away from tradition, and the rest of the world only recognize truth a long time after it has been discovered by its teachers. Ruskin saw that in many respects Turner had made an advance on the Old Masters, had done some things better than they had ever been done before. This was his first heresy in the opinion of the art critics of the age, to whom the Old Masters represented the supreme achievement in art. Yet Ruskin was right. Nothing yet has reached perfection, even to judge by human standards. Nothing so far expressed constitutes an absolute ideal. There is room yet for the accomplishment of better things than have ever been done: the world's best picture has not yet been painted, the world's greatest poem has not yet been written, the world's finest song has not yet been sung.

To have seen in Turner's paintings what Turner saw in Nature marked out Ruskin as nearly as great a genius as the painter himself. The critics have said that Ruskin read more into Turner's pictures than Turner himself intended to imply. I do not think that this is the case. Ruskin was able to express in words what Turner could only think and feel deeply within him, or, rather, what he could express by the only real method of expression which he had—his pencil and his brush.

"Modern Painters," however, did not remain merely a reply to modern criticism. It expanded into an exhaustive inquiry into all the principles of art, with Nature as a basis. And this is what makes Ruskin one of the greatest of art critics—he always argued from first

principles. Ruskin went back to the origin of things, built up his own systematic theory of the universe, and formulated his own ideas of truth and beauty. All his criticisms are based on these fundamental ideas. Whether his system was right or wrong, whether his ideas were fanciful or were fundamentally true, his criticisms were, at any rate, consistent, intelligent, and sincere.

It is not the purpose of this essay to trace the principles of Ruskin's philosophy throughout all their ramifications in contemporary art criticism. But it is the belief of the writer that the few simple, yet fundamental, ideas that inspired him, and which are emphasized over and over again in his books, are true for all time, and must be recognized as such before any art of intrinsic value and enduring fame can be produced.

One of the most important of these truths, and one which is very largely forgotten or ignored to-day, is that art is a vehicle of expression, and that it ought to be used to express an ideal. Executive skill is one thing, but the imaginative ideal in art is a far greater thing than mere technical skill. The world's great teachers are very rarely judged by their style, but by what they have had to reveal. Carlyle is a sufficient instance in literature, and it is just as true in painting. The final touch that distinguishes genius is the expression of personality. No man has ever felt any great truth intensely without wishing to communicate it to the world. Art is one form of expression, it ought always to be regarded as expression, and what the artist has tried to express is of far more importance than the manner and form of his expression.

Let me illustrate what I mean by a comparison. An artist paints a portrait of a society lady, a pretty and attractive figure, a lady of great personal charm. The portrait is of considerable interest to her immediate circle of acquaintances. What meaning does it convey, what lesson does it teach, to the casual observer? The lady's character may be shown in the portrait, but what outstanding point of personality is emphasized, what incident in her experience has so stamped itself upon her countenance that the portrait speaks to us of unutterable things? Is she a type, an expression of innocence or of dignity, of faith or hope or charity? To us she is a

society lady and nothing more. The picture might as well be a coloured portrait for an illustrated paper. But here is a picture of Beatrice. If the picture is a true and worthy picture, what thoughts and feelings does it not raise in our minds and hearts! All that we have ever thought about Beatrice, about Dante's wonderful story, about love, and life and death, come surging back to consciousness at the sight of that face, those eyes, that figure. At least, all that the artist has thought about these things is expressed there, and the greater the artist the wider is his appeal, the more emotion has he succeeded in arousing in the hearts of men.

To paint pictures which achieve greatness in the way that has been illustrated is to have followed idealism in art, to have used it as a means of expressing the truth that is in one, to have made technical skill subservient to moral purpose. It is becoming increasingly obvious that "successful" art, as understood to-day, is an entirely different affair. For one picture in our exhibitions that expresses truth or character, there are ten which are merely portraits of contemporary and local interest. Ideals are sacrificed when the thing is made to pay, and portrait painting, without any ideals whatever, can be made to pay. Success is measured by the substance it brings. Of course, this is only so because it is the immediate reward that is thought of, and not the ultimate triumph. We forget that pictures have a value in use as well as a value in exchange. The latter depends upon a variety of extraneous and frequently fortuitous circumstances; largely upon rarity and very often upon fashion; partly, perhaps, upon the intrinsic worth of the picture itself; but mostly upon the mere caprice of the men with money. The value in use is an entirely different thing. It depends only upon the *work* which has been put into it, meaning by work that combination of mental and moral effort with executive skill which alone gives true success to any form of labour. In this sense the value of the thing means the good it does, the lesson it teaches, the inspiration it affords, the happiness it gives. To a considerable extent, and almost always in the long run, value in this sense can be measured by *reputation*, for reputation (or fame) is the considered judgment of mankind, the general consensus of public opinion. This, of course,

leaves values as comparative only, for there is no measure of the good that is done, and no fixed standard of moral worth. This we can say, however, that the value of that which is hidden is only potential, and value is increased by every extension of appeal that is made. Hence there has been an enormous increase in the value of pictures by means of public exhibitions and public art galleries, as also by means of engravings and reproductions, just as there was an enormous increase in the value of literature by the discovery of printing.

The possibilities that lie behind artistic appeal are inexhaustible, and there is every indication to-day that the response is greater than it has ever been. Not only have facilities been extended, but greater advantage is taken of them than ever before. There are larger numbers of students in the art schools throughout the country than would have been thought possible half a century ago. But it does not follow that the popularizing of art has done anything to increase the sum total of artistic production. We have, perhaps, lost in quality what we have gained in quantity. Art as measured by statistics really means nothing at all. It seems very doubtful whether art can be administered in scheduled doses, or passed on by a single teacher to large classes of scholars. The personal touch is missing. It was not in this way that the Old Masters learned art. It is not in this way that any artist has learned to do good work. Knowledge there must be, but something more is required than acquisition—there must be understanding. Every great artist is really self-taught in the lonely school of experience, by patient fumbling, by hard effort, by bitter failure, and by tears of disappointment. And in the end he knows more than schools of painting, schools of geometry, schools of anatomy, or schools of anything, can teach him. The schools certainly build the necessary foundations, but in erecting his edifice of individual achievement the artist needs to avoid the tyranny of the schools. His art must not be imitative, and not hampered by tradition. He must spell out great truths for himself. He must paint to his own ideal, and the greater his ideal is, the better will his painting be. Not by copying Nature, but by idealizing Nature, will he

produce pictures that give "thoughts which do often lie too deep for tears."

It has been said already that the ideal in art does not occupy a very prominent place in the life of to-day, nor can it be regarded as a "profitable" basis on which to work. The world pays far more for what it wants than for the best that can be given it, and to-day it wants something very, very material indeed. Only in such an age could anything like "Commercial Art" be thought of: a subject almost too sordid to touch upon. Of course, we know that there are a few whose work in art is undertaken with a great sincerity; with a determination that what is done shall be done as best it can be, that if it is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. There are a few who work in this way, and there are a few who appreciate what is done, but for the most part sincerity remains its own reward. The world assesses service by some measured value in exchange, classifies it as a "utility," and pays by scale.

What the world is losing in this way is incalculable, but not imponderable. Perhaps if we are not very careful, the whole of what we mean by "beauty" may pass away. The feeling for beauty is surely a sense—beauty is felt most exquisitely by the most refined and sensitive natures. The appreciation of the beautiful, like every other feeling of which we are conscious, is elemental and intuitive—it can be developed in us by care and culture—equally it can fall away as the result of repression or neglect—but fundamentally there is no other meaning to beauty than the spontaneous recognition of it. The beautiful is that which thrills through us when we come into contact with it, it is subjective and not objective. So many things are beautiful by common consent because the feelings in respect to them are identical in us all, just as the recognition that sugar is sweet is, for all intents and purposes, universal. There are some lines of Wordsworth which illustrate what is meant:

> My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky;
> So was it when my life began,
> So is it now I am a man,
> So be it when I shall grow old,
> Or let me die.

Here no effort of intellect is necessary, the beauty of the rainbow is only a reflection of something that is within us. Wordsworth would have given his own explanation of the feeling in a sort of pantheistic philosophy that united the soul of man with the soul of Nature. Let us say that some of the elements which compose the rainbow have gone to the making of man, and the sympathy that exists between them is the attraction of like for like. Beauty and truth are within us, and depend very largely on the eyes that see and the mind that understands. Whatever variation there may be in our ideas about it are only due to the vagaries of individual constitution or development. In the beginning, as in the end, there is always unity in things essential, and in this respect beauty is a property in itself, has its own particular characteristics and obeys its own immutable laws. It is a failing faith in the essential immutabilities that may lose us the whole vision of beauty. What if, in the worship of utility, we should fail to perpetuate beauty in external things, or should lose all sense of it in our inward consciousness? What if the rainbow hues should no longer make our heart leap up, because they have no calculable value as an exchangeable commodity?

The perpetuation of the vision of beauty, the interpretation and expression of its meaning, must be the work of the artist in all directions. The greater the understanding, the deeper the sympathy, the more perfect will be the representation given. It is in this sense that Turner is one of the greatest of landscape painters. He had an intense sympathy with what he saw in Nature. In all his paintings he gave Nature a *character*—almost to the same degree, it might be said, that human character is expressed in the portraits of Vandyck or Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Idealism in art, the expression of thought and feeling, the interpretation of Nature through the medium of personality, are needed more than ever in this age of mechanism. Imitative art, if that is wanted, can be obtained by mechanical means much more easily, and much more accurately, than the human hand and eye make possible. Nothing can be more realistic in detail

than photography. Nothing can be more like "a view from Nature" than a coloured photograph, and the possibilities in this direction are only now becoming known. But the human hand adds a touch that a machine can never give, not a touch that makes the picture false, but which probes more deeply into truth. The human eye sees inner meanings that are never visible to a photographic lens. These are what give character and ideals in art. The artist is striving to express his own feelings as he sees them represented in external things—striving to express his very self—striving to say what beauty in landscape and in human form means to him. If he is any master at all, and is any personality in himself—if he has anything to say or to show—he is bound to approach the ideal. Realism is for lesser minds that can reproduce but cannot interpret. Paintings which are marvels of realism reveal nothing but an amazing skill, and whatever may be exhibited in this way is much better seen in the original. What is the glory of Turner's sunsets? There are sunsets seen in Nature of far greater beauty than Turner ever painted, but Turner idealized Nature through the medium of his own imaginative genius, and there is a character in his pictures that does not always appear in Nature. A sunset as such is "a thing of beauty" and "a joy for ever"—it may be that and nothing more. But in Turner's pictures there are sunsets which are the only possible sunsets at the particular psychological moment at which they appear. They form the only possible and appropriate background to the surrounding scenes or to the accompanying incidents.

There is one other way in which landscape art must always approach the ideal, in endeavouring to portray Nature, not only in her more permanent aspects, but in those rarer glimpses of her which exist but for a moment —if not rarer, yet fleeting, evanescent, impalpable. Sudden changes of light and colour, effects of mist, the forming cloud, the vanishing sunlight, the breaking wave, the rainbow hues that pause in mid-air and pass away leaving no record behind—these things the artist tries to catch, to idealize, and to perpetuate to our senses for ever.

Eugenic Reform *versus* Preventive Medicine

By Prof. Leonard Hill, F.R.S.

MAJOR DARWIN, in his interesting book on Eugenic Reform,* points out that the Drink Bill is £160,000,000 a year; 14,000 persons are convicted annually of crime, and 68,000 police are needed, apart from warders and prison officials; and 22,000 scholars are on the register of schools for defectives, in which 1,400 teachers are employed. As for chronic invalids, the deformed, epileptic, insane, idiotic, feeble-minded, habitual drunkards, etc., together with those whose employment is dependent on their existence, and whose usefulness is thus diminished, their name is legion.

In 1914, and in the healthiest areas of the country, 10 per cent. of the school children had grave physical debility, 20 per cent. were defective in vision, and upwards of 60 per cent. suffered from serious dental caries. The assurance returns for 1914–16 showed that the loss of working time owing to sickness amounted to 270,000 years per annum. As to the idle, the careless, the stupid, the weakly, the intractable, the clumsy, and the shirker, their failings led to an entirely unmeasurable loss of productive power in all directions. Major Darwin says that public assistance can do absolutely nothing towards ridding the world of these inborn predispositions, without which so many social failings would never show themselves. If the less fit are being made to multiply more quickly than the more fit, a lowering of the inborn qualities of the nation must ultimately show itself. The public services which have some tendency gradually to lower the inborn qualities of the race include, he thinks, the outdoor relief of the poor, unemployment doles, free feeding and clothing of children at schools. Public expenditure on education is in some respects analogous in its effects.

Public assistance should, he maintains, be accompanied by really effective checks on the fertility of those classes which is at present thus promoted. If this policy were

* "The Need for Eugenic Reform." By Major Leonard Darwin, F.R.G.S. John Murray. 12s. net.

adopted those philanthropists who look facts in the face would be able to proceed on their noble path with a far lighter heart.

A small grant of money from the public funds immediately on marriage may be taken as typical of the worst kind of public family assistance from the eugenic point of view, whilst a considerable allowance drawn by right as each child appeared from a fund to which the recipient had subscribed substantially would be a very desirable arrangement.

Further, Major Darwin maintains that

no one has the right to demand unconditional public assistance, and the receipt of State or charitable aid for long periods of time constitutes a practical method of selecting those to whom warnings may be given or pressure applied in regard to parenthood. All parents who had for long been in receipt of external aid should be warned against further parenthood; and when such warnings were neglected it is suggested that all public assistance should cease. Moreover, it would be beneficial to the race if all families found to be living uncivilized lives and also increasing in numbers in spite of warnings in regard to parenthood were to be segregated, unless and until the father consented to be sterilized, when public assistance might be given or renewed. The aim should be to check further births amongst all those whose work is not of sufficient value to cover the cost of maintaining up to a certain standard of civilization a family larger than that which had already been produced.

Moreover, it is not enough to check the fertility of the unfit; at the same time those who are most fit must be taught the duty of parenthood.

Turning to the consideration of the remarkable outbursts of works of genius in certain periods of national history, Major Darwin believes that

there is a period in the life of many individuals when their ambitions might be satisfied in many different ways, and good health will often lead to that satisfaction being obtained on paths leading to no enduring fame. When the youth of a nation are for the most part keenly aroused in a certain direction, then there will appear one of those apparently inexplicable outbursts of genius in that particular direction.

In other words, the potential geniuses are there, but it is the environment which turns them into athletes, scientists, or poets.

Galton favoured schemes for promoting the union of persons of exceptional attainments, and Major Darwin, while agreeing with this, advocates raising the level of the whole country, "and then more mountain peaks will show above the clouds." The methods of contraception

have been generally adopted by the young people, and nothing now will put them from the use of such expedients. All that can be done is to find out and advise the least injurious methods, and teach the lesson that health and happiness are derived, not from selfish sterility, but from a limited number of children, and the duty of keeping up the best stock in the race.

Major Darwin does not see

how anyone could advocate the complete abolition of birth control who realized all the results which would ensue from its abandonment. Whilst to condemn these methods root and branch without desiring their total abolition is either illogical or hypocritical.

A general propaganda now in favour of birth control would probably have the greatest effect amongst the worst-paid strata, and eugenic effects would thus be produced, contraception having done its worst among the more fit classes.

A general admission that contraception is justifiable would be beneficial by making parents feel more responsible in regard to parenthood.

A dual campaign ought to be organized, a propaganda in favour of information concerning contraception being obtainable on demand by all married women, especially amongst the poor, being coupled with a strenuous denunciation of undue family limitation amongst all superior stock. As regards the more fit, it must come to be widely and deeply felt that it is both immoral and unpatriotic for couples sound in mind and body to limit unduly the size of their families. There ought to be a vigorous moral campaign against a selfish regard for personal comfort and social advancement.

Major Darwin says of the best methods to adopt :

Eugenic progress will be mainly employed in giving advice to potential parents who have relatives with unmeasurable defects, that is, such defects as are exhibited by persons who are criminals, mentally defective, insane, epileptic, tuberculous, paupers, wastrels, drunkards, deaf, blind, etc. If wide attention were in future to be paid to eugenic prognostications made by trained experts a great step in advance would have been made towards ridding the world of these evils. It must, however, be recognized that those who are thus afflicted and who might have children form but a very small proportion of the whole population, and from this it follows that the racial advantages resulting from eugenic prognosis could not be so great as to stem any strong tendency towards national deterioration.

The eugenist is profoundly impressed by the influence of inherited qualities manifest in the raising of stock, and seeks to eliminate the mentally and physically

defective by limitation of their breeding, while enhancing the breeding of the better types of men and women. The modern student of preventive medicine, on the other hand, has evidence of the enormous influence of bad environment, and stresses the immense importance of healthy, natural conditions of pre- and post-natal upbringing. He knows that the unfertilized eggs of the sea-urchin can be made to develop into larvæ by changing the chemical constitution of the sea water; that by keeping goldfish in filthy pots of water in dark sheds the Chinese occasion the development of those remarkable abnormalities which demand a high price in the fancy; that an unfertilized frog's egg can be made to develop by the prick of a needle; that the transmutation of tadpoles into frogs can be profoundly altered by feeding them on thyroid gland substance; and that twins can be produced by early division and separation of the fertilized and dividing egg-cell, while monsters can be produced by dividing and joining together embryos in an early stage of development, or by irradiating eggs. He has evidence that environment determines the growth of cells and their differentiation into one or other tissue. He knows that by the transposition of the sex glands the sex characteristic of body and temperament in animals can be reversed; that goitres and *crétins* can be produced by want of iodine in the diet; and that rickets occasioning gross deformities result from deficiency of food and sunlight. It must be recognized that from the moment of fertilization of the ovum and the start of development into an embryo, the latter is subject to pre-natal environmental conditions which may lead it along the path of normal or abnormal development. The eugenist has studied statistically the effect of use, or non-use, of the tooth-brush on the decay of school children's teeth and, finding no evidence of the utility of the brush, wishes to breed a stock resistive to caries. But the student of preventive medicine recognizes that the wild animal and wild man and the domestic animals do not use tooth-brushes, and scarcely suffer at all from decay. The wild people are, of course, selected by the struggle for existence, but for the city children recent researches have shown that what really matters is the

nature of the diet and the keeping of a healthy digestion and clean tongue. The want of fresh young green food and fruit in cities, the artificial meddling with natural foodstuffs by millers, the excess of cereal food eaten with the introduction of an artificially refined substance, sugar, and the consequent loss of vitamins in all these ways acts pre- and post-natally on the teeth. The student of preventive medicine has learnt, too, that the antirachitic vitamin essential to teeth and bone growth can be made good when the diet is deficient by the action of the ultra-violet rays on the skin; these rays are cut off in cities by smoke pollution, houses, window glass, and clothes, etc. Ill digestion and utilization of food, too, result not only from the vitamin poor diet, but from confined city life with its stagnant air and want of exposure to cool winds and of exercise. Hygienists have condemned back-to-back houses. Investigating statistically such houses, the eugenist may find that they produce no higher death-rate than other houses of similar class which are not set back-to-back. The student of preventive medicine knows that it is not the back-to-backness of the house which deteriorates health, but the crowded, stagnant indoor conditions, and that deterioration of health can be brought about by life spent in a confined, stove-heated cobbler's hut in the Alps, or in a shut-up overheated dwelling of well-to-do people in an Alpine health resort, no less than in a slum city tenement. The crofter's children tumbling out of a cabin on to a moor, exposed to sun and air, and fed on oatmeal, fish, and kale secure robust health.

In the case of the feeble-minded, bad pre- and post-natal environment and infective diseases, which can be prevented, are powerful causes of their defects. Look, for example, at the cretinous children of goitrous parents who became goitrous through the deficiency of iodine in their water and food. Such goitre and cretinism can be prevented by the simple means of ensuring the presence of a minute quantity of iodine in the yearly diet. It is not a question of breeding out a defective stock, but of preventing goitre, which results from an environmental condition.

The eugenist from a statistical inquiry concludes

that cases of pulmonary tuberculosis treated in sanatoria live no longer than those treated at home, and looking on such State-aided curative methods as a vain waste of money and effort, seeks to limit the breeding of the tuberculous.

The student of preventive medicine has to bear in mind that pulmonary tuberculosis is rarely diagnosed in its early stages by the panel doctor, and that when the patient is sent to a sanatorium, the mischief is already advanced and beyond the stage of cure within the time which is usually allotted for such treatment. The disease would be arrested in most cases of pulmonary tuberculosis if it were diagnosed early, and the cases were kept for at least a year and uninterruptedly in a sanatorium and protected from visitors carrying catarrhal infections. It is easy to discipline children to sanatorium life and arrest tubercular disease in them. The discipline of adults is far more difficult; how many cases of phthisis during treatment expose themselves to some exhausting amusement or pursuit, and to catarrhal infection?

The vaccinating effect of small doses of tubercular infection seems to be established by the evidence. There is good evidence that some 90 per cent. of the children in a big city become infected and nearly all are "salted" thereby, i.e. vaccinated by minor infections which are never recognized to be tubercular. Babies not so salted are susceptible to great infection in a tenement home from a tuberculous parent, and easily die of acute generalized tuberculosis. In a tuberculosis colony, where family life is spent in "open-air" dwellings and out of doors, such infection does not take place; babies removed from tuberculous parents in a city tenement and foster-mothered at farms grow up healthy and add useful members to the agricultural population. Soldiers of native races, unsalted by lack of contact with tuberculosis, who came to fight in the great war, showed an extremely high tuberculosis death-rate.

It is the conditions of life which break down the resistance to tuberculosis. According to Major Leonard Darwin "that this is actually the case has not thus far been clearly established by any statistical inquiry."

Indeed, Professor Pearson's investigations indicated that external conditions have little effect as a determining factor. According to him,

> if we attribute the change in the death-rate to the natural increase in immunity due to a selective death-rate acting on a community with varying degrees of hereditary immunity, the facts are in accordance with what we should expect. That natural selection is tending to stamp out the propensity to tuberculosis Major Darwin has no doubt, but that it can altogether account for a fall in the death-rate as rapid as that which has taken place he cannot believe.

Major Darwin speaks of the lessening of tuberculosis by curative methods, but he does not realize the enormous power of preventive medicine. Increase of prosperity with better dietetic and housing and factory conditions has been acting continuously, until temporarily checked by the great war.

There is no clear evidence that a diminution in the fertility of all tubercular patients would exert anything approaching the effects which could be reached in a very few years by the methods of preventive medicine. Tuberculosis all over the world is a disease arising from bad environment, from life in crowded, confined homes and workshops, and a diet deficient in vital principles such as pertains in cities.

It can be prevented, just as hook-worm disease, typhoid fever, cholera, malaria, yellow fever, etc., can be prevented. While preventive medicine can work wonders, curative medicine is comparatively of little value; and the eugenist must modify his outlook from this point of view. It is stated that in England out of every 1,000 persons born 530 attain the age of fifty, in India only 186. The cause of the difference is the influence of disease acting in the earlier period of life. What preventive medicine can do is illustrated by the clearing up of the infective diseases of Panama, largely spread by mosquitoes, which ruined the French attempts at canal building. Prevention, once done, enabled the Americans to succeed. Again, there is the clearance of yellow fever from almost all the places where the infecting mosquito could adequately and easily be handled. So, too, with hook-worm disease, a frightful scourge spread by the contamination of the soil by humans, and

prevented by simple methods and discipline in sanitation. So, too, with bilharzia and other parasitic plagues of the tropics. By elucidating the cause and avenue of infection the preventive means are evolved. As an example of what can be done, Dr. Andrew Balfour recently cited the following:

In the Federated Malay States a rubber state which was potentially as unhealthy as any was chosen for application of preventive medicine. In 1911 the staff consisted of seven unhealthy Europeans constantly sick, given to liquor, and taking no interest in bungalows or gardens. In 1923 there were four healthy Europeans (three married and one engaged), three healthy children, pretty gardens, comfortable bungalows, no drinking, and no absences on account of sick leave. In 1911 there were 870 coolies with practically no dependents. They were miserable, crawling wrecks, with narrow shoulders and prominent bellies. They lived in squalid, dirty lines, void of gardens. They possessed no livestock and, saddest thing of all, perhaps, no children born alive—a miserable and degraded folk without hope, without ambition. In 1923 450 coolies did thrice the work accomplished in 1911. Their dependents were represented by 220 healthy old people and young children. Births, as the report puts it, have become a chronic habit. The coolies were fat, well-living, and clean. They had fine gardens, over sixty head of cattle, hundreds of goats, and thousands of chickens.

While the great mass of open-air workers show very favourable tuberculosis rates there were no less than twenty-six Industrial Occupations in the Registrar-General's list of 1910–12 which showed a mortality from phthisis nearly four times as great as that of farmers. Very high figures were shown for those exposed to mineral and metallic dust (except coal miners, who have a remarkably low rate), and those exposed to the abuse of alcohol. Lead miners have six times, cutlers and scissors makers eight times, and tin miners twelve times the farmers' rates.

Silica dust inhaled by workers in sandstone, flint, granite, and quartz produces a degeneration of the lung which leads to tubercular infection. Among certain

flint workers no man lives much over forty. By hygienic precautions the tuberculosis death-rate among the native workers at the Rand mines has been lowered from some thirty to some three per thousand. By confinement in ill-ventilated, crowded, and over-warm rooms and fatigue the resistance is lowered of operatives in such trades as printing, shoemaking, hatters, glassworkers, and among merchant seamen. Coupled with the effects of factory conditions are bad housing and ill-chosen diet. The children of the industrial population have lower rates for tuberculosis than the general population. It is the industrial conditions after age twenty which begin to tell against them. The working classes do not lack natural resistance, but fail to withstand the wear and tear of modern industry. The long hours of toil in stagnant over-warm air laden with dust and microbes, the strain of attention to fast moving machinery, and the want of open-air amusements, games, gardening, etc., turn the balance in their case which is preserved in their better-off neighbours. Among the agriculturists it is the young people who suffer most from tuberculosis, probably because of a diet deficient in proteins and growth principles—it is the father, the worker and wage-earner, who gets the best of the food.

As one goes from lower to higher rates of wealth the rates uniformly go down. During the war the tuberculosis rate went up to a notable extent, in German cities from 157 per 100,000 to 287, in Warsaw from 306 to 840, in Belgrade a figure of 1,400 was reached in 1918. Since the war the figures have come down again, and the tuberculosis death-rate has continued the steady fall which has been going on during the last fifty years. The experience of open-air sanatoria for tubercular children shows that most of these children may be restored to virile heath by suitable exposure to open air and sunshine, with adequate diet, rest and exercise. So, too, with weakly children.

It is clear, then, that by preventive medicine, the introduction of hygienic precautions and discipline of individuals in living healthy lives an immense deal can be done. The factor of inborn immunity and racial constitution must also be considered, and certain types of

constitution may be recognized as of less resisting power and be warned off certain occupations.

Granting that the feeble-minded and the criminal are the product of inborn defect, and not environment, we may put a stop to their breeding and not effect so very much, for the inborn defect may be handed on by their blood relations who do not manifest this.

In the writer's opinion it is very doubtful whether there is a great difference in fitness between the well-to-do class of to-day and the industrial workers. Men of high capacity are to be found in the workshops and mines, and their children may be well fitted to take the place of those who, now above them in social standing, are indulging in sterile marriages to maintain this position.

In Kashmir snobbery occasions grave mischief to women of the upper classes, for the purdah system, by shutting them up from sun and open air, causes softening of their bones and sterility, which the lower classes of field and boat workers escape.

So in our big cities health and happiness is lessened and fertility lowered by artificial conditions of life which are partly the outcome of snobbery. The risk in Britain lies in the impoverishment of the agricultural and out-door labour classes from which a vigorous stock has been hitherto born. Every means should be taken to secure adequate diet, garden cities, and playing-fields, and to discipline children by open air exercises and sun baths.

It is most difficult to determine the causation of economic failure, to trace it to inborn qualities, or to environment after birth. Those of feebler mind may make the best hewers and drawers of water. Some of the elder boys in an institution for the feeble-minded escaped in the war and, enlisting, rose to be corporals, and in rank were above their former attendants, who were "combed" out later on.

The writer believes, then, that far more may be effected by spreading preventive medicine than by seeking to sterilize the unfit and incompetent.

The Travellers' Joy

By Katherine Harrington

It was twilight and the wind shrieked over the moor. Far away to the skyline on every side stretched bleak desolation. And across that wind-swept desolation, like a white ribbon carelessly flung, stretched a well-made flint road. To-night the road was deserted and, in the half-light, its whiteness, and the whiteness of the bleached boulders on the moor, gave the landscape an eerie, haunted appearance.

About fifty yards below the crest of Tor Hill stood the remains of an ancient stone-built "hedge." Sheltering between this and a ghostly boulder, and only visible because of their contrasting whiteness, there huddled a sacking-and-canvas travesty of a tent. Hunched up just inside the tent and staring, now at the white road, and now at the sods of peat which he had cut that day and set out to dry, sat Thomas Dunn. As he smoked his last pipe before flinging himself down upon the mysterious mound which he called bed, Thomas fell into a waking dream. Usually he was happy enough in his odd-job life. But to-night the chill March wind seemed to penetrate to the marrow of his bones, and he meditated upon another and a better way of spending the night.

The smoke from his pipe eddied in wind-flung gusts into his broad, good-humoured face, but he was no longer conscious of it. A dream, dating from the time when to the inexperience of his youth it had seemed that all dreams must come true, had flashed with startling vividness before his interior vision. He was no longer conscious of himself as crouching at the entrance to his squalid tent. About him now, four feet thick, rose in substantial unreality, the granite walls of an ancient inn. He pictured himself standing behind a bar furnished with shining beer-handles and polished glasses; saw, ranged on shelves behind him, rows of bottles and pewter tankards. On his left he imagined a huge open fireplace and a fire of peat and furze from the moor. Thomas felt a sudden surge of desire within him, and the scene became so vivid that he seemed actually to sniff the delicious peat-scented smoke with which the room was drenched. At which point, with a mind bemused by its vision, he

mechanically knocked out his pipe upon the ground and threw himself down upon his bed. A second later there was the sound of an approaching motor-cycle, but Thomas did not hear it. He was already asleep.

The rider of the motor-cycle crouched low over his handle-bars, fighting for breath, as he rode up Tor Hill. Just at its crest he met the full force of the wind, and the labouring machine, unable to make way against it, came to a standstill. For a moment it wobbled drunkenly, and then it swerved into the ditch at the side of the road. Obviously it was hopeless to think of battling against that wind, and John Stuart saw that his only plan was to return the way he had come.

"If there were only an inn on this God-forsaken moor," he thought despairingly, and a vision of the ideal inn of the belated traveller flashed vividly before his mind's eye. He climbed back to the road with his machine and set off down-hill. But he had not gone more than fifty yards when he saw something that made him pull up sharply. A little below him, set on the moor at the edge of the road, was an old-fashioned, granite-built inn with light streaming from its lower windows. The man's heart leapt. He had not seen the inn as he ascended the hill, but that was natural, since he had been fully occupied in fighting the wind. What puzzled him, however, was that he had not noted it upon other occasions when he had crossed the moor. Dismounting, he wheeled his machine to its stone-porched door and, peering up at a sign creaking over the porch, saw a crudely-painted picture of a man carrying a bundle over his shoulder. Underneath this figure were the words: "The Travellers' Joy." John Stuart turned the handle of the door and entered, stepping at once into an atmosphere of peat-scented warmth. Behind the door he saw a jolly, broad-faced man polishing glasses.

"Phew!" he gasped. "What a night!"

"It do blow round these parts, Cap'n," conceded the broad-faced man cheerfully.

"Can you put me up for the night?" asked Stuart, still panting.

"That I can, Cap'n."

"What about my machine? I've left it outside. Where can I put it?"

"Bring it in here. There'll be nobody interfere with it here."

John Stuart opened the door again, battled with the wind and reappeared with his machine triumphantly.

"Come to the fire, Cap'n. I'm making you something that'll drive the cold out," said the landlord genially.

Stuart crossed the floor of rose-red, foot-square tiles, worn by the treading of many feet, and sank down upon the settle, giving a sigh of weary happiness. Presently the other man brought a pewter pot of mulled beer.

"That's the stuff, sure enough," he said, presenting the tankard to Stuart.

Stuart drank. The potent drink flowed downwards and set up an interior glow.

"You'd be liking some supper, maybe. I'll tell Mary Grace," said the broad-faced man, beaming on him like an amiable Providence.

He departed into an inner room, returning presently with a bare-armed maid. The two of them moved a heavy table of time-darkened oak towards the fire. Stuart, turning himself from side to side in order to dry his clothes, was only vaguely aware of their activities. But presently he noticed with satisfaction the huge joint of beef that one of them had laid on the table. Pickles, country butter, yellow as buttercups, and a huge wedge of prime cheese, soon completed the spread. Ravenous at the sight of food, Stuart moved towards the table.

The maid drew a chair out for him. As he turned to thank her he caught sight of her face for the first time and paused speechless, with mouth fallen open. For the maid's face was an absolute facsimile of the broad, good-humoured face of the landlord. The thing in its unexpectedness jarred and shocked. He shifted his gaze from the girl's face, surmounted by short-cut, greying hair, to that other broad, good-humoured face surmounted by short-cut, greying hair. Reason told him that the thing was not only unlikely but impossible. His flesh crept and his hair stirred on his head as at some supernatural horror. His legs gave way beneath him, and he sank limply into the chair. Seeming unaware that his eyes were starting with amazement, the maid left the room.

"Of course I'm drunk. It's that mulled ale on an empty stomach," he thought, trying to pull himself together.

Reassured by this thought, he managed to eat a hearty meal. But, musing afterwards upon the incident, he wondered why he had been so anxious to imagine himself drunk. Supposing the girl to be this man's daughter, it was only natural that there should be a remarkable resemblance.

"Don't you find it lonely here on the moor?" he asked the landlord, intending to lead up to the subject of the relationship.

"Well, not as you'd say, lonely, Cap'n, though I don't get many customers in the winter."

"But, of course," suggested Stuart tentatively, "you have your—er—that is to say, you have Mary Grace to keep you company."

"Yes, and Thomas Henry and my wife besides. No, I can't say that I'm lonely."

"Is—er—is Thomas Henry your son?" asked Stuart, leading up skilfully to the question whether Mary Grace were his daughter.

"No, I've neither son nor daughter. Thomas Henry is the odd-job boy," said the man.

Stuart desisted from questioning and, for some obscure reason, refrained from commenting on the matter of the uncanny likeness. He asked the landlord to have a drink with him, and soon the two men were sitting with their legs stretched out in front of the fire chatting amicably. The wind howled outside and the firelight flickered on polished pewter, brass and copper while the landlord spun tales of the pixie-haunted moor, of pots of gold hidden in chimneys and walls, of the good old days of smuggling on the coast, and of a certain wishing-well, upon the water of which one had only to float a bent pin to obtain what one desired.

"But is it possible to float a bent pin?" asked Stuart doubtfully.

"Quite easy it is, Cap'n, if you float'n dry. I floated one myself when I was a boy."

"And did you get your wish?" asked Stuart.

The other took his pipe from his mouth and waved it

about the room in an eloquent gesture which explained without words that he was where he desired to be.

"I did, Cap'n. I did," he said.

The fire had burnt low and the remains of the peat smouldered on a mound of grey ash. Stuart rose to his feet with a yawn.

"Well, I'll be getting to bed now," he said.

The landlord took a brass candlestick from the high mantelpiece, lighted it, and led the way upstairs to a front bedroom. This room was already illuminated and, as Stuart entered, he saw the forms of two women bent over the cumbrous mahogany bed on which they were spreading a padded patchwork quilt. One of the women, as he noticed in a cursory glance, was the maid. The other, whose broad back was towards him at the moment, he guessed to be the wife of his host. The two women continued to pat and stroke the quilt.

"That'll do, Liza Ann. The Cap'n wants to go to bed," expostulated the landlord mildly.

Both women looked up at the same moment, and each beamed at Stuart like an amiable Providence. Stuart gave a cry and staggered backwards, for those two broad, good-humoured faces, one set on the slender shoulders of the maid, and the other above the portly form of the dame, were facsimiles of the face of the host. While he stood there tensely staring, as at some nightmare horror, the women left the room.

"Happen you'll sleep well to-night, Cap'n," said the landlord heartily, and then he, too, vanished, and the door shut behind him with a click.

That click awakened Stuart from his trance of horror. Outside he heard the wind flinging itself against the solid walls of the inn as if it would not rest until it had torn them down. But in the room three candles shone reassuringly upon a scene of solid comfort and cleanliness.

"Of *course* I'm drunk," he said as he began to undress.

He put his boots outside the door and, hearing a shuffling footstep on the landing shortly afterwards, remembered that he wanted to be called early. Opening the door again, he became aware of a weedy youth carrying a pair of boots in one hand and a lighted lantern in the other.

"I say, I want to be called——" began Stuart, and then made a sound that would have been a shriek if it had not been almost voiceless. For the face of the weedy youth, plainly visible in the light of the lantern, was another replica of the face of the landlord.

Stuart reeled back into the room and slammed the door hastily. The horror of being in that inn alone with four persons whose faces were exactly identical, curdled his blood. Goose-fleshed and shuddering, he finished undressing, threw his clothes over the footboard of the bed, and crept between the snowy sheets. As he was about to blow out the last candle something fell upon the floor at the foot of the bed with a loud clatter. He started convulsively and felt the sweat of cold fear upon his forehead. Then, with unutterable relief, he realized that the sound had been caused by his silver cigarette case falling to the floor from the pocket of his coat. Reassured, he blew out the candle and lay down. Presently, in the comfortable depths of a feather-stuffed mattress, his tense nerves relaxed, and he began to chuckle over his impossible fancy that four faces could be absolutely alike.

"There's no doubt about it. I must be as drunk as a lord," he murmured as he closed his eyes.

II

Stuart awakened in the stark light of dawn and remembering his desire to start early, sprang out of bed. It was not until he was nearly dressed that he once more remembered the four faces. But in the light of day the thing was so obviously an impossibility that he grinned delightedly at the thought of how drunk he must have been. When he had finished dressing he went downstairs and was greeted genially by the landlord, who served him with a breakfast of bacon and eggs.

"You'll have a fine morning for your ride, Cap'n," he suggested when his guest had finished breakfast and paid the bill.

"Yes, there's hardly a breeze this morning. Who would think that the wind was raging like ten thousand devils last night?" said Stuart cheerfully.

The air was as clear as crystal and, as he wheeled his

machine on to the road, he saw the morning sunlight gilding the lichen-speckled boulders with pale gold. He operated his kick-starter and then, before mounting, turned to wave good-bye to the landlord, who had remained at the open door. Something made him raise his eyes to the three upper windows of the inn and, with a sudden chilling of the blood and creeping of the flesh, he saw at each one of those three windows a broad, good-humoured face, a duplicate of the broad, good-humoured face of the landlord, still smiling at him from below.

It was not until Stuart had gone a mile or so at top speed, spurred by unreasoning terror, that the calm of the morning began to impinge upon his consciousness and he slowed down again. It struck him then that he needed a cigarette. Stopping his machine, he dismounted and searched one pocket after another for his cigarette case. Not finding it, he recalled that, last night, it had fallen out of his coat pocket and rolled under the bed. At first he felt utter dismay at the thought of returning to the uncanny inn. But the ordinary sights and sounds of the morning were already undermining his belief in what he had seen. He argued that, even if the four people at the inn were extraordinarily alike, that was no reason why he should lose his property.

Turning his machine, he remounted and rode back the way he had come. But, as he topped Tor Hill and looked for the "Travellers' Joy" he saw nothing but a bleak expanse of moor. Believing that, in his mad flight, he had covered a greater distance than he realized, he sped on for another mile or so. But the inn was not to be found, and, finally, baffled and wondering, he turned and rode slowly back towards Tor Hill. And it was about fifty yards below the crest of the hill and just where he had expected to find the "Travellers' Joy," that he saw Thomas Dunn's sacking-and-canvas travesty of a tent. There was a blaze of light near the entrance of the tent, where the sun's rays were caught and concentrated by some bright object. Stuart dismounted, partly to find out from the occupant of the tent how he had missed the inn, and partly to see what the shining object was. As he reached the entrance to the tent he stood transfixed, for the thing at his feet now revealed itself as his cigarette

case. Dazedly he picked this up and stared at his initials engraved upon its front. Then, peering into the tent, he saw the hunched-up form of a sleeping man.

"Hullo!" he called sharply.

The sleeper awakened, sat up, and gazed at him, blinking. And then, once more, Stuart felt his hair rise upon his head, for the man at whom he was gazing wore the ubiquitous face of the landlord of the "Travellers' Joy." It was while he stared at that face, with his eyes wide and fixed and mouth fallen open, that the other man suddenly ceased blinking and stared at him in the same manner. They continued to stare, as if entranced, until the cry of a bird broke the spell.

Then, with one accord, both men turned about and scanned the tent with puzzled, unbelieving eyes. But, when their eyes met, each looked away hastily.

"Mornin', Cap'n," said Thomas Dunn, the first to recover his presence of mind.

He made a pretence of searching for his pipe under the mound of clothing which served him as a pillow, and Stuart gazed frowningly at the silver cigarette case which he held in his hand.

"Well, I must be getting along," said Stuart presently, without stirring.

Thomas Dunn, still apparently searching, said nothing.

"I came back for this. I dropped it last night," remarked Stuart craftily.

Betrayed by curiosity, the other man stopped grubbing under his pillow and turned round to look at the cigarette case.

"Oh, then, that was what we heard," he said incautiously.

As he saw the questioning triumph in the other man's eyes, his gaze shifted and he stared woodenly past him and out at the tent opening.

"Motoring, are you, Cap'n?" he asked, nodding towards Stuart's machine.

After one glance at the locked face of his companion Stuart slowly retraced his steps to the road. He wheeled his cycle thoughtfully to the middle of the road, and mounted.

Thomas Dunn, absolutely impassive, watched him whizz up the hill and out of sight over its crest.

Opera and the People

By Dr. Agnes Savill

(Author of "Music, Health, and Character")

How many people, I wonder, are aware that the fate of opera in the British Isles is trembling in the balance, and that its very existence depends upon their active co-operation and support when it is given? Of those who do know this fact how many care? Yet it is only ignorance which is at the root of the apparent indifference of the public. The average man does not realize the importance of opera in the daily life of a nation.

As a convert who till quite recently held a contemptuous attitude towards music, I now never weary of attempting to persuade the unmusical average public to follow my example. Those who are content to remain indifferent may accept the truth of the statement that in so doing they are deciding to continue to miss one of the greatest joys of life. To learn to master a musical instrument is a difficult matter in adult years, but to learn to enjoy listening to music is a task full of delight.

The choice of the first step in a new study is all important. Certain concerts would destroy for ever the desire of a beginner to know more about music. Opera provides one of the simplest and most enjoyable methods by which the beginner may acquire a taste for music. The combination of song, drama and music enables the novice to pass the evening without boredom, because he watches the acting and at first ignores the music. Again, few minds can resist the appeal of the human voice in song; the quantity of superlative singing heard during a single evening of good opera is most impressive. I have heard many of the unmusical remark, as the final curtain fell, that they would have preferred to spend the time in a good theatre, *but*, they rather bashfully add, the opera was a rather wonderful new experience. They rarely object to the suggestion of a second trial.

Whilst ignoring the music, so far as the intellect and attention are concerned, all unconsciously the beginner is absorbing the musical accompaniment and noting melodious passages which recur with the appearance of certain persons, incidents or emotions during the drama; sometimes quite soon the beginner finds that he obtains a novel kind of pleasure when he recognizes the repetition of such characteristic phrases. Quite outside the sphere of his conscious knowledge, the novice soon feels a sense of sheer

delight during the moments when familiar and melodious phrases are sung on the stage or played by the orchestra. Even if such moments are rare, his mind is kept alert; he watches the acting, tries to follow the plot, criticizes or admires the scenery and the gestures. For five minutes in each act, perhaps fifteen minutes during the entire evening, the honest student will acknowledge that he has experienced a high degree of satisfaction; during the rest of the opera he has at least felt no urgent longing to go home.

For a considerable time the orchestra is regarded only as an accompaniment; it is not considered by itself, but only in relationship to the happenings on the stage. Sooner or later, however, the music itself begins to have a message and to convey a state of keen happiness. On the occasion of subsequent visits to the same opera an unaccustomed and unexpected interest is aroused on discovering how the gestures, action and song interpret the music. The degree of interest varies with the mentality of the listener. Sometimes he responds to the clear high notes of the heroine, to the rich notes of the villain, or to a few bars of a clarinet or violin solo; another prefers the harmony of the orchestra as a whole whilst it depicts the drama, as in the gathering of a storm, the raging of the wind, the calm of a moonlit scene or the drowsy luxury of a summer afternoon. Some enjoy the majesty of a full orchestra with the sonorous sound of the brass in loud climaxes; for others the delicate quiver of the high violins and harps has more appeal. Whatever may be the individual preference, the second and later visits to an opera yield more enjoyment than the first hearing; each time more passages from the songs and the music become familiar, and therefore to the listener more welcome. This stage is much hastened if gramophone or pianola records are available for study at home. Phrases are appreciated which before passed unobserved; the music is recognized to be expressing the emotions of the actors and the atmosphere of the story. Little by little, progress advances until at last the whole opera is followed, throughout a long evening, with rapt attention and delight.

What is the use of opera, many Englishmen ask? Can we not do very well without it? When replying, it is well to point to other European nations. It is a standing reproach to our country that neither by the State nor by the wealthy is opera sufficiently patronized to ensure its permanent existence. Even during the most

cruel excesses of the Bolshevist regime the authorities made provision for opera; nay, more, they ensured that there should be available for the multitude excellent performances of opera at low prices. In most European countries it is maintained that the provision of good opera is necessary for the well-being of the people, and therefore it is subsidized by the State. There must be good reason for this significant fact; expenditure of such a nature is not incurred without justification.

Unfortunately, in our country, the popular idea of opera is that it exists only for a short season in the year, when seats may be procured at such prohibitive prices that few can afford to pay more than one or two visits. Celebrated voices are heard, sometimes a good orchestra, but many of the regular audience have subscribed not. as genuine lovers of music, but for social motives, for the sensational interest of hearing superlative voices of celebrities, or in order to gaze upon the gay show provided by the rich jewels and lovely gowns of the audience. Opera on such a scale is a magnificent luxury; it could never be regarded as the musical nourishment of a people. Its necessarily enormous cost should not be defrayed by the State, and could not be met by the payments of the average audience. Opera for the people is an entirely different proposition. In Paris there are two opera houses, usually full. Performances are given on Sundays; evening dress is not compulsory on that day and therefore the high tiers are crowded with a vast audience drawn from every class of the people. In many towns of Germany and Italy, opera starts at six, so that workers can go on their way home; they return about ten to supper. The prices of the seats resemble those of our "Old Vic." Under such conditions opera is indeed the recreation of the people.

Opera is always expensive to produce, because of two factors—the large number of artists and musicians who deserve adequate salaries, and the numerous rehearsals which are necessary in order to ensure the harmonious working together of principals, chorus and orchestra. Opera can be given on a luxurious scale in a metropolis and a few of the larger provincial towns where private enterprise as well as the receipts from wealthy audiences can pay for such performances. Opera for the people must be provided at lower prices. Nor must lower prices entail less comfortable seating accommodation than is supplied by neighbouring and competing cinema halls.

Good seats at low prices will attract whole families on successive evenings whilst the company visits the town.

The artistic value of the work must never be allowed to suffer. Where prices are low the orchestra may be less numerous, the singers will not have celebrity voices, but all can work whole-heartedly together to produce their best in music, singing and acting. Generally speaking, more co-operation exists in companies which do not claim to possess amongst their members the outstanding stars of the world of song. Sir Thomas Beecham's pioneer adventure in this difficult sphere has not been wasted; his enterprise is being worthily carried on by the British National Opera Company. Several critics, indeed, tell me that the spirit of sympathetic co-operation gives the English company an artistic advantage over many of the more wealthily endowed productions of foreign countries. When the British workers were able to give opera on an expensive scale, with a full orchestra under the direction of so able a conductor as Albert Coates, they proved to the world that they could compete with any foreign cast. In "Parsifal" especially, the English company excelled; perhaps because a religious opera affords a form of expression natural and congenial to the English mind. And who can ever forget the pathos, dignity and beauty with which Mr. Walter Hyde invested the character of Siegmund when the British company played "The Valkyrie"? Once it is realized that this company can produce truly excellent work when free from financial embarrassment, rich private individuals and municipal authorities will not hesitate to aid its development.

To return to the questions of the average Englishman —Why should we keep up opera? Can we not get on very well without it? Yes, we can get on without it; but only at the cost of falling below the European standard of refinement and general culture. Foreign countries are copying our pursuit of athletics, and acquiring gradually in consequence the particular virtues which a love of sport engenders. Should we not in our turn endeavour to copy their grace and charm—qualities which enrich life and in which we as a nation are deficient? For this purpose no art is so effective as music, and no form of music makes so wide an appeal to the people as does opera.

In Italy the working man in the street, the peasant in the field, tramp long miles to hear opera when it visits

their nearest town. Listen to the songs these men sing as they work; the majority are airs from well-known operas. Compare these with the popular rag-time tunes heard in similar circumstances in England, and dispassionately observe their comparative effect upon the character of the singer. The child and the young adult who, as they work, sing lovely phrases from "The Magic Flute," are assuredly forming the foundation of a higher level of general culture than those who whistle only rag-time tunes. The emotions of mankind must be given healthy food which nourishes the spirit; the State which neglects this duty will reap an evil harvest of perverted emotionalism, expressing itself in sensational and ugly living, even crime. In this connection the remarkable action of the Bolshevist government deserves to be borne in mind. Whilst attacking the Church, the authorities recognized, with an unconscious inconsistency, the necessity of a source of spiritual refreshment for the masses, and found that opera satisfied in some mysterious manner this deep human need.

It is laughable, were it not so pathetic, that our great nation should have to be entreated to listen to opera! It is almost incredible that entertainment so natural should stand in need of an appeal for public support. I repeat my conviction that it is ignorance alone which deprives the populace of what should be at once its consolation and chief delight. The special lectures and concerts given to the modern child will certainly lead to a startling change in the attitude of the nation as a whole towards music. The pianola, the wireless and the gramophone are also playing a large part in hastening the development and formation of a sound musical sense. Some ten or fifteen years hence, when the present-day child has grown to adult life, what excuse can be offered by the modern parent for the absence of opera, killed by sheer apathy? If only for the sake of these adults of the near future, that we may avoid their reproaches, it is wise that our generation make at once a firm stand and rally to the aid of our national opera. What is to-day a financial speculation will assuredly to-morrow become a gilt-edged investment. Even those of us who are unmusical will reap a rich reward; for in how more easy or delightful a manner can we begin to take an interest in the most fascinating of the arts than by listening to the performances of our own national opera?

"Go West, Young Man!"

By "Arvic"

HIGH over a prairie city I watch the spring coming in, the gradual breaking of the fierce four months' winter. Out beyond the limits, in the clear, hard light, the snowy levels are beginning to be raddled with spots of thaw about the sloughs; there is a softness in the air most distantly reminiscent of an Old Country April; the ice in the river is pitted and mottled under the heightening sun; the farmers are beginning to advertise for their summer help; the West is turning in its long sleep.

Very far away from here—five thousand miles or more—there may be a lad looking into the C.P.R. window in Cockspur Street, and wondering just what there is to it—this Canadian West—whether it is, after all, the solution, temporary or permanent, of all the ills of the disenchanted Old Countryman.

They brought eleven thousand of him over last fall to help with the bumper harvests of these provinces; of them some small proportion, fallen by the wayside, like the grain they did not handle, were swept up by an effective Government and shovelled back whence they came; where they seem to have wailed about it, in print and otherwise.

But the enormous majority of them (of whom I am one) have found a footing here, after vicissitudes, humorous or exasperating as you may take them; have battled through their first winter somehow or other; and now look, with a confidence I hold not altogether misplaced, for their chance to fit into the scheme of things in this West.

A few notes—very rough, and constituting a sort of snapshot impression—on life and conditions west of Winnipeg and the Red River may be of interest, if not of use, to our perplexed friend in Cockspur Street. If they have no other merit, they are first-hand, and there are no axes to be ground. As the old-timer says: "It's a great country—if you don't weaken!"

This is the middle of March, and the sun is growing strong; but the ground is frozen yet maybe thirty inches down, and the trees and grass are as torpid as the prairie-dogs hibernating in their holes. For five months in the year the prairies sleep immobile, chilled into inanition by temperatures unrelentingly below zero; the winter when no man may work.

With the exception of the railways, whose red grain-cars still stream east with the dregs of last year's crop, nothing moves in the city or on the farm from November to March. The banks and insurance companies take stock of their loans, and each probably has its own little crop of foreclosures or receiverships against the improvident or unlucky farmer; the stores carry on their routine, their staffs skeletonized, living on their city trade; real estate men hunt for clients anxious to acquire further responsibilities in land; and the farmer on the prairie, the backbone of it all, moves about his winter chores, sheepskin to the eyes—*adscriptus glebæ*, by distance and the piercing cold, as any medieval serf.

It is a six-months country, even for the dwellers in cities, tied to a pen; for every steel-and-concrete business block, every church, and house, and store in this city, and in half a score of her sisters, was built by, through, and for the grain; the grain whose yearly life-history is packed into a hundred and fifty hectic days; and out of the aforesaid eleven thousand last year, ten thousand (of whom I was one) did not know it.

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Canada, like another country, is divided into three parts—divided by enormous distances—and she has developed from east, westward. The maritime provinces need scarcely concern us here; they are self-centred on the sea and its products and trades; but the industrial East, the long-settled Quebec and Ontario—particularly the latter—are so closely identified with the great plains a thousand miles to the westward, and play, and are going to play, so great a part in the immediate fortunes of those settled on them, that our friend in Cockspur Street may well consider them with more than ordinary interest.

It is they who finance the West—at present; to them ultimately goes much—most—of the profit from the

millions of bushels harvested up here; whether it be to the eastern shareholders of the railways, in freight rates: to eastern capitalists in interest on farm loans: or in the slow, steady drain into the pockets of eastern manufacturers from three provinces, each the size of the United Kingdom and larger, neither able, nor allowed, to manufacture for themselves.

Put crudely, the East enjoys a "rake-off" from every article of general necessity used in the West; it is also, and as it may seem, quite unnecessarily, taking toll of every car of grain grown by the West; it will fight, and is fighting, to the death (witness the Hudson's Bay line and the wheat pool to be referred to later), against any prospect of economic independence for the West; it has got the coon-skinned farmer where it wants him—in a cleft stick—and it is going to use any and every method to keep him there.

Politics? Of course; and politics, particularly Canadian politics, are ticklish things to monkey with; and the great East-West controversy is hardly one for the uninitiated to handle. Still, it is there, "sticking out a yard," for all Old Canada's elaborate disinterestedness, and colours the life of every soul on these plains.

The West is a great country, and a man's country, and a country of opportunity; perhaps there is not such another in the world just now; but all is not well with it, by any means, and it is a very long way from being that El Dorado, agricultural or otherwise, that enthusiastic boomsters in the Old Country would have it be.

I myself came over at the hest of a parson "with twenty years' residence in the West"; and because I have, without offence to him, proved him wrong, horse, foot, and guns, in his loving appreciation of the country, I think our friend, who may be in the same situation of semi-persuasion, may like to hear something of what it seems like to a new hand.

* * * * *

Over here it is a commonplace to say that any fool can grow wheat, and it is to a large extent true; the prairies are full of amateurs—men who came over with the most shadowy of notions of what a gang-plow was

or the difference between a grain- and a cream-separator, who took up—"homesteaded" maybe—a quarter-section of 160 acres, scratched the ground, threw some seed into it, and have been living in very dubious happiness ever after. The virgin prairie soil is, in many places, of a fertility to bring tears to the eyes of the Old Country farmer, with his hypophosphates and mulches and lime; here fertilizers are practically unknown—if for no other reason than that freight charges would make them prohibitive. Indeed, it is only comparatively recently that the man in the coonskin coat has been got to take any interest at all in the ground he tills, in rotation of crops, and in fitting his crop to his soil; and then it is only the bad years that have given him sufficiently furiously to think. As a matter of fact, a good crop here is an affair of the purest "joss"; get a wet spring, a fine summer, and early fall, freedom from hail, rust, grasshoppers, smut, gophers, and a few other plagues that may attack you, and you should do as Alberta did last year—thirty-five, forty, fifty bushels to the acre. But otherwise . . . .

Unfortunately, in some ways, grain-farming is not a case of the survival of the fittest. It is a case of the continued existence—somehow or other—of an enormous number of unscientific people, worshippers of the great god Luck, making a little in lucky years, but "in the hole" good and proper if things do not go just right.

Let us, in a suitably contemplative manner, look into this question of the grain-farmer and his finances. Figures are notoriously kittle; but a very rough examination of a pretty typical half-section of 320 acres will give some notion of where the coonskin coat finds himself, and why.

Suppose our man to be something of an old hand (we can leave the beginner out of it, he is sure enough to find a rough passage to begin with); suppose he has managed somehow to fight through the bad times without becoming too deeply dipped in debt to loan companies, tradesmen and the like—quite a supposition, by the way; suppose he is equipped with the necessary experience, tackle, and help to get his crop in when he wants it; and suppose that crop is standing well, untouched by any of the visitations aforementioned, in great promise of thirty bushels to the acre of Number 1 Northern.

Postulate further that, allowing for a feed-crop—oats, likely—pasture, summer-fallow, and his buildings, he has got 150 acres under wheat—rather an outside estimate for a "half," but let it go. Now look at his figures.

One hundred and fifty acres at thirty to the acre is 4,500 bushels. Now, he can either sell that to the local elevator company at his station, or ship it himself to a commission firm in Winnipeg, or keep it in the hope of a good spring market. Nine chances out of ten he wants cash; so he hauls it in to the station—maybe ten or fifteen miles—and sells. The elevators will give him around seventy-five cents a bushel for it; if he ships it, freight and commission will in all certainty pull his price down to about the same.

Now, out of this seventy-five cents, deduct fifteen cents for threshing—about the standard charge last year—and another fifteen for labour, keep, and feed, another ten for depreciation, insurance, and so on. Say forty cents "overhead," leaving him thirty-five cents for his 4,500 bushels—call it 4,000, to allow for next year's seed—1,700 dollars in all, roughly £350.

Give him an acreage of oats—they will go in feed; a bunch of cattle which may or may not be "scrub" and unfinished, half a dozen milkers if he has any sense (cream is always marketable), hogs maybe, poultry.

Two hundred pounds profit "on the side" would be very exceptional indeed; in fact, it is certain enough that the man who is, in his best years, knocking £500 out of a half-section is doing very, very well.

Five hundred pounds—twenty-five hundred dollars. Out of that he must live—assisted, true, by his stock; pay taxes; feed, clothe, and school his children; pay instalments of interest on his purchase price, probably; on his mortgage, you may bet your life—unencumbered land up here is a phenomenon these times; and set by for the rainy day that may only too well come.

And for this he has to live on the barren, treeless, bald prairie, five, ten, twenty miles from the scrap of platform, elevator, and hardware store, which is dignified by the name of station, and at which a passenger train stops maybe twice a week; lucky he if he is located within touch of a prairie "town" with a couple of stores, a pool-

room, a prohibition-despising saloon, and even sometimes a ramshackle movie-house.

For six months in the year he has to work—work harder than any Old Country farmer dreams of doing—single-handed as often as not, in this country of sparse population; breaking new land, ploughing, harrowing, discing, sowing, then cutting, "stooking," and all the manifold and back-breaking operations of threshing; and at the end of it all, maybe, a hailstorm comes along and lays his "stand" flat to the earth, or one fine morning he discovers the epidemic, and endemic, rust.

It is all right for a man; a man can live, somehow or other—the West has reduced "baching" to a fine art—but the real sufferers are the women; stuck away on the prairie, household "chores" month in, month out; never, or hardly ever, the relaxation of a town, much less city; children for a certainty to bring up and nurse, and see to the schooling of (nevertheless, it is a wonderful country for children); six months' anxiety and fret, keeping the man fit and up to his job; then six months of practical seclusion to the two-roomed wooden house, while the thermometer creeps down and down, and the dirt tracks become more and more impossible. It may be a white man's country; I do not think it a white woman's, this prairie.

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Calamity-howling? Crabbing the country? Not on your life! Simply and solely an attempt to show what you people in the Old Land (I judge from myself) do not know—that the grain-farmer, the hard, hard liver, is from one cause or another desperately hit; that grain-growing, besides being a lonely, laborious life, especially for the grain-grower's womenkind, is not the royal road to wealth, or even to competence, that some people seem to make it out; possibly, too, preparing the way for another set of suppositions that may well turn into fact, and alter the whole face of the West inside ten years. Calamity-howling is cheap enough on this continent in all conscience; one knows very well where the detractors of Canada who went home last year got their facts from. Even the malign and opulent East suffers from it; last fall one of the big Montreal papers had a series of leaders,

modestly entitled "The Whisper of Death," that would put Dean Inge and the fat boy in Pickwick to very shame as incorrigible optimists.

No. Grain-farming may be—whatever it is. But grain-farming is a very long way from being the ultimate resource of the West. It made the West, true enough, but while it will always be a staple, there are other things to occupy our mind and the mind of our would-be emigrant on the Cockspur Street pavement.

Consider for an instant the map; there is an excellent one in that window our friend is looking into. Observe the run of the railways—not the big arterial lines across the continent, but the little criss-cross networks that fairly shout "industry." There is one such in the immediate vicinity of Winnipeg; a portent, this; another, and far the most important and most closely woven of all, in Southern Ontario—the peninsula thrusting out into the Great Lakes, where stands Toronto and a score of other cities as well.

This is Industrial Canada; just across the road, you observe, from Detroit (where Mr. Henry Ford manufactures automobiles), Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and a dozen more bright, snappy American cities, strongholds of the Steel Corporation.

Now, Mr. Henry Ford, *à ce qu'on dit*, is not precisely a dead citizen, and he is not in Detroit for his health; neither is the Steel Corporation; neither are the manufacturers of Brantford and Hamilton, and London, Ontario. They are there for the Pennsylvania coalfields, all of them, Ontario included. South of the Lakes, the easiest of hauls from the Toronto peninsula, lies the biggest steam coalfield in the States; and that peninsula is only another indication of the truth that—other mediums of power notwithstanding—where coal is, industry follows.

To an Old Countryman, with the industrial North and South Wales in his mind's eye—still more with the Ruhr under his nose, as it were—the thing is platitudinous. Given market, outlet, distribution—whatever you like to call it—manufactures will hug coalfields, and where manufacture goes, there go capital, prosperity, the benign circle of economic growth.

If I want to buy a skillet in the hardware store of a

prairie town, that skillet will have been hauled something over 1,000 miles before it comes over the counter to me. If I want a binder, or a car, or boots, I have to send to Ontario for them, and pay freight thereon. The prairie depends for everything, outside the mere grain and meat and milk it lives on, upon a country a thousand miles and more away from it, simply because the prairie does not—is not allowed to—manufacture for itself.

Why? Simply because the astute and old-established East has got a throttle hold on it, and, while it knows it, is not going to let the fruitful country west of the Red River be anything else than a productive appanage of its own—to be tapped as and when required, which means all the time.

A new hand should not discuss politics, I suppose, and anyhow, I am going to get into quite enough trouble for Jeremiads as it is. Still, a couple of instances—of the most obvious—of the sort of dope the East is putting over (as they would say here) on the West may be interesting.

For many years it has been obvious to everyone that the weak spot in the chain of the wheat from field to consumer is the long haul. At present practically the whole of it goes down through Winnipeg to Port Arthur, and thence across the Lakes and through the canals to the St. Lawrence; a marvellous piece of complicated organization, but, as may be imagined, considerably expensive. For equally many years, Saskatchewan and Alberta have been trying to get a line through to the south-west corner of Hudson's Bay, which is open nearly as long as are the Lakes themselves, and is anyhow closer to Europe, over the shoulder of the world, than Montreal itself. Leaving aside definite figures for the moment, it is certain that the saving per bushel, say, from Battleford to Liverpool, would run into many cents, to the benefit of the farmer of Battleford, and the material increase of that seventy-five cents per bushel we were giving as our instance just now.

But the years go on, and the Hudson's Bay line, under the gentle manipulation of the East (not for one instant forgetting Winnipeg and its Grain Exchange), gradually drifts into an abstraction—a sort of solar myth—a thing the Western Press foams at the mouth over

once or twice a year, and politicians solicitous of votes make great play with; but nothing more. Not likely; the East (not forgetting for a split second the Winnipeg Grain Exchange) is not precisely going to encourage a by-pass that will deflect the golden stream of the grain past its own retentive hooks. Not it; and hence every kind of obstruction and lobbying and intimidation known to a particularly acute class, year in, year out; and the track, graded, ballasted, and laid, except for just so much as to be "not completed," lies desolate and unused under the northern skies.

Again. The States—who know quite a deal about marketing produce—have a set of schemes running in the fruit country (mainly), under which the annual crop of, let us say peaches, is pooled by all the peach-growers for their mutual benefit, to enable the trade to take the benefit of good markets, as and when they arise, instead of its following the short-sighted policy, dictated too often by the urgent need of real money at once, of dumping the crop lumpwise as soon as it becomes marketable. There may be arguments against the scheme—I have heard a good many, as propaganda and otherwise; but essentially mischievous or not, it seems to work, in Georgia, where the peaches come from. Why not, then, in grain-growing West Canada?

There has been the most intense campaign waged all this last fall and winter for the Wheat Pool; all the "spellbinders" of the Dominion have been ranged on one side or the other; the argument that under the pool system the farmer is going to get a certain percentage of ready money at once for his crop, and the rest of an enhanced price when the pool sells his grain for him on a risen market, has been played for all it is worth, and it is probably worth quite a lot; but the thing doesn't seem to go; by all indications, won't go. Simply because, once more, the East and Winnipeg are too strong for it; it will be doing them out of a little of that rake-off they have come to look upon as their graft *in perpetuo* on every bushel of the West's wheat; the inalienable, sacred, intellectual superiority of the lounge-suited Easterner over our man in the coonskin coat.

It is there, right enough—this economic suppression

of the incoherent and plain-minded West by the thimble-rigging wizards towards the sunrise; the only question is, how long will it last? Some of us don't think for ever.

Look at the map once more—just east of Calgary this time. There around Drumheller is nothing less than, if not the largest, at least the second largest coalfield on the American continent, idle and undeveloped. At present they are getting enough coal for the ordinary requirements of about two provinces by the simple process of scraping it off the surface of the ground; the rest, an estimated tonnage needing most of the noughts in the case, is simply left untouched—a white elephant—some say, a white elephant deliberately kept stalled, in more senses than one, by Eastern owners.

Again why? Simple enough once more. First, because the only manufacturing centre of Canada—that Toronto peninsula—is not going to pay heavy freight charges while it can get the same stuff just across the States' border for a tithe of the money; and, secondly, because, from one cause or another, there is not the capital up here to develop it. The East will invest money on the good 8 per cent. security of farm loans; but it is not going to sink any of its dollars in industrialism on the prairie while the looms and blast-furnaces and power-plants of its own Ontario are supplying the said prairie, and drawing sound cash therefor. And the railways—to whom the prairie is a bonanza and a perpetual milch-cow—are not going to cut rates and encourage industrial development that is going to hit their long-distance freight.

All very natural and human. But wait. That Pennsylvania coalfield, upon which the Ontario manufacturers do mostly depend, is running out; not dangerously, but quite obviously enough to give the provident States something to think about; Ontario is beginning to turn a wary eye on its resources of power; one of these bright days Detroit and Cleveland, and the rest of them, will begin to talk embargo; they are talking tariff quite loud enough already. And then we may see things doing up on these plains.

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Manufacture follows coal. But it does not follow it

into a howling wilderness with no outlet, nor does it betake itself with its attendant plant and capital to a locality where it is not going to get a reasonably quick distribution of its products and turn-over for its money.

In other words, it has got to have a market commensurate with its enterprise, and on the prairie at the present time it has not got it. The Ontario-manufactured skillet as sold to the coonskin coat is a drop in the ocean to Ontario's actual skillet output, a trickle from the main stream, whose stoppage would not affect its producing capital more than a moment. And no one sees Eastern capital suffering sleepless nights from the mortgage market up here depreciating.

There are just two big things in the West at present; really undeniable things. One is the place itself, enormous, fertile in agriculture and minerals, quarter-developed, but magnificently exploited; and the other is the wheat crop. But in the affairs that make for "big business"—markets and quick trading, and above all, population—the country is in its childhood; ten years ago it was in its cradle, and suffered from measles there, as we saw above.

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"Well," I seem to hear our gentleman saying as he turns away over Trafalgar Square, "hang this fellow; he begins by telling me the West is by no means such a bad place, and then, having successfully crabbed what seems to be its staple industry, he proceeds to tell me there's nothing else!" Gently. I think there is a whole lot else. If these rough notes have a burden at all, it is "arrested development"; arrested, but still development. And to the European—with his civilization, if not actually tottering through reaction to collapse, at least hit a century hard—any country with a chance of going in the right direction must be a point of interest. And whatever circumstances and the cruel tyrant East have done to this West in which I sit now, they have not destroyed its possibilities; rather emphasized them, if anything. A country that can hold up its head as this one is doing here after the economic and climatic catastrophes of its infancy is not far wrong, and to an outlook anything longer than a nose-length the future is safe enough.

Population—the mainspring of the whole affair—is pouring in; the bad years look to be over; there is an atmosphere about of "something doing"; old-timers chirp cheerfully about past booms.

Not for ever—nor for very much longer—is the West going to be tied to the East's cart tail; if it does not come in any other way, the release will come over that coal business. Everywhere one goes—farm, hotel, club, business meeting—one hears the same cry: "How long?" Give us another good crop or so to let the farmers fight off some of their back interest and instalments, and to grease the wheels of industry in the distributive cities and retailing towns, to put some enterprise into the banks once again, and the prospects are, you will see, a very different West. At any rate, the West itself thinks so, and some of us, allowing, say, 50 per cent. for the genial Western "bull," are prepared to gamble with them.

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It is a country of extremes. To hear some of them talk (say at Wembley) you might imagine that the raw Englishman had only to set foot west of Winnipeg to be in line for fortune. To listen to the farmer, in town on Saturday night—the disillusioned coonskin-coated one aforesaid—you would think that the old Navy philosophy of selling your farm and going to sea was the deepest wisdom; if you could only sell your richly plastered acres.

The truth is, of course, somewhere between the two. Life in this West is not all (prohibition) soft drinks and ten-pins; nor is the man in the coonskin coat a great deal worse off, himself, than his tax-ridden opposite number in the Old Country. But to the observer, maybe just out of the tenderfoot stage, there are one or two things obvious enough about it, and, as has been said, not so obvious to "the other side."

It is a young country, with all its prosperity, and, maybe, some of its troubles before it; there is a certain unmellowed crudity about its institutions, much resembling the sharp unloveliness of its architecture. It is within a generation since this city, now the distributing centre for half a province, turned out its population of

113 to welcome the first locomotive in from the East. And in scores of ways the Old Countryman, with his settled ideas of comfort and the amenities, feels the thinness of the polish they have worked on to their life—which is not saying that plain wood is inferior in any way to buhl.

Its resources seem to be simply boundless: in this province alone, besides the grain that keeps it uneconomically alive, and the timber that enriches some pulp concern in Montreal, there are known to be a dozen minerals quite undeveloped, or strategically throttled; china clay deposits second to none in the world (it is unnecessary to allow the reader more than one guess where I get my teacups from); coal, mined in a lackadaisical manner; and, more than all the minerals under the earth, enthusiasm and a look to the future. They claim for it that it is the "finest country in the world for kids"; I should think it probably was; their education system would turn some of the Burnham Reportites green.

Come up here and cast an eye round, and you will in all probability be disappointed, after some of the things you are quite sure to have heard about it; but cast an eye ten years ahead, and I think you will understand something of what the Canadian Government are driving at when they strain every nerve to get new people West.

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It was Horace Greeley who told his young American, "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country." And, allowing for altered conditions and the Ford car, the Canadian prairies in 1924 are not too misleading a parallel to the Middle West of Greeley's day. Young—undeveloped—intensely alive in spite of set-backs—unboundedly confident in the good time coming (even the farmers, under cross-examination) there is a *morale* about these Western plains that we lost in the Eastern hemisphere ten years ago.

Incidentally, they have been little touched by the war that is an incubus to Europe. True, there is here the same pitiful aftermath that one sees in any country that fought hard in 1914–1918—the physical casualties; Vimy

and the Drocourt-Queant switch were not to be won without such; but there is an infinitely less amount of that intellectual shell-shock that one is only too vividly glad to get away from. And there is no, or practically no, unemployment.

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Like the sergeant's first seven years of the war, the first winter over here is the worst, a testing time for the new hand, who must either live on his capital, or earn, and earn quickly, in a job it is going to be difficult—nearly impossible—to get in the cities after a freeze-up in November. Let him arrive early—the last days of July are quite late enough; go on the farm, if he wishes to—for the experience—but, for the time at least, make his objective the city, the farther West the better. There are quite a number of jobs going at a decent wage in the active months that will last on over the dead season; but let him not be ashamed to take anything that comes his way for the time, and look out for something else; above everything have his retreat secure by the winter, otherwise it will be the farm for him, working for his keep and little more, all through the weary months of "below" weather—and, *experto crede*, it is no fun.

Let our man, as he strap-hangs homeward, take consideration—and courage. Here is quite undoubtedly the solution of a great many men's problems in these bad post-war days; not, maybe, in the farming that is all the cryers-up of the West have to shout about as a rule; it takes a strong man, physically and mentally, to hold up under the strain of conditions on the prairie, and lead anything of a contented existence there; but there are even now other things in this West which will give a man, and his wife, too, something at least of a livelihood, with the intense probability—almost the stone-cold certainty—of matters waking up here to such an extent as will not be seen in Europe in the life of living man. And anyhow there are freedom, and hope, and immense unexplored possibilities.

Education and the State

By H. M. Bowie, M.A.

A TEACHER'S salary depends upon nominal qualification and mechanical attendance at a post. To ensure that this attendance is not also nominal only, an army of inspectors patrol the land. With a wise care for the nation's youth, the State requires ever higher scholastic attainment from its prospective teachers. But even supposing that the academic round, into which we all follow or drive one another, is not something of a vicious circle—and the supposition is too easily made—is it certain that this care attains all it wishes to attain? Unfortunately not. For a much qualified university graduate may be useless as a teacher; so also may be a college student specially distinguished for show-teaching. If anything could be more unmechanical than the growing human brain, it would be the action upon it of another human brain: unmechanical and therefore unpredictable, even by psychology. But some principle of selection there must be, so the imponderable is weighed and the immeasurable measured: and the teacher goes forth documented up to the ears, registering irrelevant information about his capacity for his task.

It is not surprising that the mechanistic idea of education should be thoroughly possessed by the public, the State having given the lead. Education a business enterprise? Very good. Because a few boys of fourteen, then—or hundreds, for that matter—do not know who signed Magna Charta the public becomes enraged—or is invited to become enraged—against our educational system. Among the many things forgotten by the public it is forgotten that from what the teacher selects to be remembered the pupil will also inevitably select; not the most hardened drummer-in of facts acting on the most docile of ready pupils can render this proviso altogether null.

To satisfy this mechanical god, the State, pupils are crammed and teachers cram, and they are alike victims

of waste and corruption of vital spirit. For the teachers' lives are too full of minutiæ. At best they have always to work upon a hypothesis, like the noble Six Hundred; theirs but to do; theirs not to reason why—in school hours. It is not to be wondered at if, alas! loss of perspective creeps at last upon the teacher. He has assumed so long that Waterloos are won on the school playing-fields, that at last he believes he is winning Waterloo there, instead of an unimportant football match. When he finds this, let him run for his life—and his pupils' lives, since his usefulness to them is, for the time, ended. He does not, unfortunately, do so, of course. He stays on and drop by drop distils the poison of his conscientiously distorted view of life.

The process of education is the process of erecting a clumsy scaffolding upon which, slowly and invisibly, the pupil raises his own lovely habitation. Let us be casual about the ultimate fate of the scaffolding; for casualness alone will save us. But education at its fullest is an art as well as a craft, and must have the same constant living inspiration as an art, the same correction from reality. The State imposes restrictions which smother it as an art; for instead of a scaffolding, a determined wooden building is erected in which the pupil is confined body and soul, and from which, school being over, he makes at last a glad escape, never willingly to set one stone upon another for the fairer temple.

The public need not wonder periodically whether they are having value for the money spent on education; they can be sure of it; they are not. A service which belongs, *par excellence*, to the realm of private enterprise has been nationalized. It has been organized out of its own realm into another, and the perfection of its mechanism alone obscures the evils. Pupils unusually well endowed with brains are less injured than the majority, because for the former mechanism does not exist. They pick and choose; they take or leave. Every teacher is familiar with the sensation of being used by a brilliant pupil. The others, alas, are mere fodder for the machine.

A Hamlet of Ghosts

(A Village in Soviet Russia)

By Edith M. Almedingen

CURIOUSLY green and golden spaces stretched to the right and the left of the railway line, and the fierce blue ribbon of the river glimmered far away. Beyond the dazzling gold of the fields rose silhouettes of woods, dark almost to blackness. To the left, well-nigh lost in the golden immensity, lay a row of tiny black dots, rather two rows, very close one to another.

"The Duchovo* village," said someone.

They tell us that the train may stop for some time, owing to nobody knows what. Perhaps for lack of fuel, perhaps the engine driver has taken to quarrelling with the guard. We ask how long the delay may be, and the khaki-clad guard shrugs his shoulders. He does not know. An hour or two, maybe longer. What does it matter? Are trains ever supposed to run to time? There are thousands and thousands of miles still ahead of us. Delays are but natural and they matter not.

Our compartment is none too clean and windows won't open. The golden call of the Russian summer comes to us from the fields beyond. Why shouldn't we take a walk?

"Let's go and have a look at the village" suggests someone.

Thus out of the train we come into that peculiar symphony of the June fields, when every tiny blade of grass seems to send forth its own little carol of praise. The woods beckon to us, cool and silent, but, in spite of the heat, we want to go to the village. Nearer we come. The gates are decrepit, the tiny village is seemingly deserted. We pass the gates, and at once it strikes us as though we had left all life behind us, in the fields of gold, on the road of dazzling whiteness. . . .

Yet the hamlet is not quite lifeless. For just behind the moss-grown gates we see a lean horse, led by a very, very old man, big and shapeless in his rugged sheepskins, worn in spite of the June sunshine.

He turns round at our approach.

* "Duch" does mean "Ghost" in Russian.—E. M. A

Very tall and thin, he stands there, a silent embodiment of the once great strength. His face, tanned to utter brownness, looks worn out in its curious immobility; we sense bitterness in the curves of his lips, almost hidden by his flowing white beard. But the blue eyes are serene and calm and somehow take the shabbiness out of his poor sandals and his tattered linen cap.

"Good day to you, Grandfather. We'd like to see the village."

"May God bless you," is his quiet dignified reply. He takes off his cap and lets the sun play golden riot in his silver hair. His deeply sunken eyes take us in, but his courtesy forbids him to ask prying questions, though we can well see that he does not understand. What is there to see in his village—he wonders! And thus slowly he shakes his silver head, but we repeat our request. Then in silence he bows and turns his face towards the High Street of the little hamlet and beckons to us to follow him.

The old patriarch may know what to talk about with his ancient horse, but he will not speak to us. He has asked God to bless us, and this is enough. There is a sublime indifference in his few dignified gestures. He does not know who we are, and, very probably, he has not seen the train. We have come quite a distance along the white road. And he does not care to ask us any questions. A Russian peasant, if he be true to type, accepts a code of subtle chivalry from his boyhood, and abides by its precepts.

Yet some of us are wearing brand new gauntlets, and these seem to rivet his attention for one blissful moment. They love new leather, do the Russian peasants. He touches them, timidly, affectionately, then looks at his own, all rough and tattered, and utters a deep sigh. But we know that he would be hurt were we to ask him to accept a pair from us.

We walk on along the broad High Street. The village must have been important once, in the sunny happy bygones. There stand its two shops, their shutters gloomily, lifelessly down, their doors barred with heavy rusty bolts. We pass the market place, most of its stalls are pulled down, and grass is breaking through in frequent untidy patches. The church is nowhere to be seen,

except, perhaps, for those few charred ruins, sharply etched against the green grass. We meet nobody, we see no cattle running in and out of the yards; the very windows of the small huts seem to hide dead friendlessness behind their tiny panes. And yet we can sense that the village is in no wise empty. We begin to wonder, but the patriarch does not talk, and we follow him.

Thus we forget all about the noisy crowded train we have just left behind us. We are glad to forget all about our destination in that big deafening city far out in the west. We just want to get into the green and golden secret of the deserted village.

We pass a building, not so lifeless as the rest, redly bannered and festooned, alien to the little huts, alien to the serene spirit of the old man walking with us. We almost shudder at its blatant, out-of-place ugliness, and we also notice that the old patriarch turns his head away and quickens his pace. He will not look at the redly bannered house. We understand and hurry on.

At last we make a halt at the gate of a very poor hut, even more dilapidated than the rest. The old man lifts the creaking latch, pulls off his cap and courteously bids us pass into the little moss-grown yard. Then we come to a tiny door. He opens it, and we are almost choked by a strong gust of unhealthily warm air. We feel dizzy after the clean free air outside. But the old man expects us to enter and we cannot withstand his silent courtesy. We come in, vaguely hearing subdued voices in a remote corner.

There is sun outside, but the hut is dark, for the old man has closed the door. Light is immediately produced by someone. We are in the usual one-roomed hut of a Russian peasant. Most of the floor-space is taken up by the huge stove, which is also used as the common bed by the family. The two windows are just bare slits, heavily curtained with drab rags. The floor is of hard beaten earth, a few sheepskins thrown here and there by way of a crude luxury. A broad, greasy-surfaced table and one or two hard benches sum up the furniture. Yet something is missing in a corner. A little later we come to realise *what* is missing and it gives us quite a shudder.

As yet we see no one. The family are on the top of the huge stove. But the old man says a few soothing words and down they come, one by one. A curious lot! The brown-faced, aged, but still beautiful, wife of our guide; his two stalwart sons with their dark-eyed wives, graceful beyond utterance, in spite of their thick shapeless clothing; also children, three in number, black of hair, white of skin, silent and wondering. All alike are wrapped in sheepskins and shawls for all the outside warmth and stuffiness of the little room.

We look at them. There is no hunger in their faces. No, of course not, for the Great Famine is over. But there is something else. Fear? Just as though there were black terrible things lurking behind every corner of their lives, threatening their peace of mind. Yes, that's it, it is fear.

They stand, holding one another's hands, and stare at us furtively, speechlessly. They will not speak and thus we have to begin.

"We should like to see your village. You see, we had to break our journey."

An awkward pause, and then one of the stalwart sons makes the effort to answer:

"But there is nothing to see. It is summer now. We go out but little. And in winter we just live in our huts. You will see nothing."

His voice, for all its courtesy, suggests a hidden satisfaction. Indeed, why should we, utter strangers as we are, see anything? And yet they are not hostile to us, these sheepskin-wrapped hermits. Simply weary and afraid.

We cannot conceal our astonishment.

"Live in your huts all through the winter? And don't you go out now when it is so gloriously warm?"

The young man shakes his head. The women eye us curiously.

"But don't you ever go out? What about your food? And water? Surely, there is always the market? And your church?"

The last words are most unhappily chosen, for the women turn away their faces, but the young man stands unmoved.

"We have enough food to carry us through here in our little field"—he nods in the direction beyond the hut. "As to the markets, they are forbidden. We have no church. We have nothing in our lives. We are safer if we stay indoors." And he repeats rather doggedly, "You will see nothing in our village."

And we feel we can ask nothing else. They do not evince the slightest interest in us. And there is nothing else to be said about themselves. They have told us everything with such a poignant brevity.

We feel we simply dare not linger there. For something is pitifully missing in the little hut, and our eyes stray towards the empty corner, where once the gilt ikons used to hold the place of supreme honour. The old mother meets our glance and we know she will not sob till we are gone. We also know she does want us to go.

We murmur an incoherent farewell and pass out through the low-lintelled door. "May Christ protect you!" whispers the old woman in her trembling voice, heavy with tears yet unshed.

At the lichen-covered gate our old patriarch stands waiting for us. All suddenly he begins to speak:

"You have beautiful clothes and your faces look happy. Thus why should you come here? There is no life in our village, except what we can see ourselves. *They* tried hard to drive God away and they burned down our church. They killed all our joys and merriment. We can still live alone, for we have kept our God in spite of them, but we cannot see strangers and talk to them. You will understand. May Christ the Saviour shelter you and bless you for your kind thoughts, but go now. There is nothing to see." And he turns back, doubtless anxious to be inside his little hut again.

We, too, go back along the empty High Street. We pass the alien redly-bannered house and we remember the averted glance of our patriarch-guide. And once again we strike the silent white road. He is right, there is nothing to see, and we quicken our pace train-wards. We are glad to board it again and we do not talk of the village.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Suzanne

"Did you see that that French tennis girl, Suzanne What-ever-you-call-her has signed a form as a pro"? asked Heddle.

"I did," replied Sergeant Murphy. "The world is still staggerin' from the blow. On receipt of the news Consols moved wan eighth; a mass meetin' of ex-Frinch premiers passed a vote of confidence in her; Senator Borah advised Congress to tack on tin per cint to the amount of the Frinch debt to the U.S.A.; the 'Daily Gasp' collected wan hundred and eight opinions on the subject from people as far apart as Dean Ink and the keeper of the John o' Groats lighthouse; high tide at London Bridge was wan hour in advance of schedule; Misther Joynson Hicks postponed signing the ordher for the licensin' of two-seater taxis; the guy-rotary system for prams was abolished in Kensington Gardens; and the Lord knows what else.

"Amid all this fuss and turmoil the little heroine herself was the only wan to preserve her calm.

"'I'm fightin',' says she, 'the battle of the pure amachoor. Lawn tennis has deginerated since the days whin min with pot-hats and side-whiskers played it for the love of the game. Now it's all advertisemint and gate money, and photos of girls in graceful, though unseemly, poses. So adjoo to Wimbledon! I'm for the simple life as a professional, where the money is handed over in advance and in chunks—win, lose or dhraw.' And she signs on the dotted line for a fee of twinty thousand pounds."

"It's a lot of money," said Heddle.

"To me or you or Misther Baldwin it may be," replied the Sergeant, "but in the circles or squares in which Mamsell Long-glinn sthrides it's the sort of tip you'd put in a child's hand, and is only given to bind the bargain.

"Just think of her publicity value. Why, Niagara Falls or Halley's Comet combined can't equal it. There's

not a thing she wears, from the bandage round her head to her rubber soles, that can't be capitalized and placed on the assets side of her accounts. Whin you, Heddle, put some stuff on your hair, hopin' it'll stretch a bit and cover the bald spots, divil a soul inquires whether it's cart grease or Oozo, the famed spicific of the Wampum Injins. But whin Suzanne adopts a face powdher, the face powdher adopts her, and the news is broadcast from all stations. You'd never think that, because a girl can play tinnis better than anny other girl, she's an expert on tooth-paste, klaxon horns, frost-bite, early editions of the 'Lives of the Saints,' sparkin' plugs, and nearly everything else. Why, if a manufacturer wants to build up a thrade in patty-defoy-grass or whatever-you-call-it underwear, all he has to do is to request Suzanne to accept a sample and display it in the way that's become the custom at Wimbledon, and that's brought manny a blush to the cheek of the copper on duty. The next day the facthories are workin' to capacity.

"Why, Heddle, if I was in the little lady's shoes, I'd have floated myself long since as Sergeant Murphy, Limited, with debinchures and what not, and I'd be declarin' dividends on meself every day in the week.

"But Suzanne loved the humdhrum amachoor life, and only after great pressure would she consint to surrinder her status and come out into the open, naked and unashamed, so to speak, as a professional."

"The Wimbledon people won't be sorry," remarked Heddle.

"Maybe not," said Sergeant Murphy. "You see, the dear little lady was a problem. Not Heinz himself at his best has as manny varieties. There were days whin she'd smile at the committee and allow the less ill-favoured to kiss the tips of her fingers. There were days whin they cast lots to see which of them would risk explainin' to her that a small altheration had been made in the programme. Dempsey has the same sort of nature. All artists have. It's called temperamint.

"But with the common herd like me and you and that chap Simmons, that disthributes black eyes among his family whin the dinner isn't cooked to his likin', it's temper."

And in the Hanging Gardens

By Conrad Aiken

AND in the hanging gardens there is rain
From midnight until one, striking the leaves
And bells of flowers, and stroking boles of planes,
And drawing slow arpeggios over pools,
And stretching strings of sound from eaves to ferns.
The princess reads. The knave of diamonds sleeps.
The king is drunk, and flings a golden goblet
Down from the turret window (curtained with rain)
Into the lilacs.
And at one o'clock
The vulcan under the garden wakes and beats
The gong upon his anvil. Then the rain
Ceases, but gently ceases, dripping still,
And sound of falling water fills the dark
As leaves grow bold and upright, and as eaves
Part with water. The princess turns the page
Beside the candle, and between two braids
Of golden hair. And reads: "From there I went
Northward a journey of four days, and came
To a wild village in the hills, where none
Was living save the vulture and the rat,
And one old man, who laughed, but could not speak.
The roofs were fallen in; the well grown over
With weed; and it was there my father died.
Then eight days farther, bearing slightly west,
The cold wind blowing sand against our faces,
The food tasting of sand. And as we stood
By the dry rock that marks the highest point,
My brother said: 'Not too late is it yet
To turn, remembering home.' And we were silent
Thinking of home." The princess shuts her eyes
And feels the tears forming beneath her eyelids,
And opens them, and tears fall on the page.
The knave of diamonds in the darkened room
Throws off his covers, sleeps, and snores again.

The king goes slowly down the turret stairs
To find the goblet.
And at two o'clock
The vulcan in his smithy underground
Under the hanging gardens, where the drip
Of rain among the clematis and ivy
Still falls from sipping flower to purple flower,
Smites twice his anvil, and the murmur comes
Among the roots and vines. The princess reads:
"As I am sick, and cannot write you more,
Nor have not long to live, I give this letter
To him, my brother, who will bear it south
And tell you how I died. Ask how it was,
There in the northern desert, where the grass
Was withered and the horses, all but one,
Perished." . . . The princess drops her golden head
Upon the page between her two white arms
And golden braids. The knave of diamonds wakes
And at his window in the darkened room
Watches the lilacs tossing, where the king
Seeks for the goblet.
And at three o'clock
The moon inflames the lilac heads, and thrice
The vulcan, in his root-bound smithy, clangs
His anvil; and the sounds creep softly up
Among the vines and walls. The moon is round,
Round as a shield above the turret top.
The princess blows her candle out, and weeps
In the pale room, where scent of lilac comes,
Weeping, with hands across her eyelids, thinking
Of withered grass, withered by sandy wind.
The knave of diamonds, in his darkened room,
Holds in his hands a key, and softly steps
Along the corridor, and slides the key
Into the door that guards her. Meanwhile, slowly,
The king, with raindrops on his beard and hands,
And dripping sleeves, climbs up the turret stairs,
Holding the goblet upright in one hand;
And pauses on the midmost step, to taste
One drop of wine, wherewith wild rain has mixed.

L'Autre Côté

By Horace Shipp

Sleeping Partners. Adapted from the French of Sacha Guitry. (Savoy).
The Truth about the Russian Dancers. By J. M. Barrie. (Savoy)
They Knew what they Wanted. (St. Martin's).

HERE, in a mountain town of the Auvergne, where the theatre on the Place remains discouragingly closed until Sunday evening and then promises only the most frivolous of operettas, the thought of theatre-going becomes "emotion remembered in tranquillity." The complete feeling of detachment gives way to a certain sense of unity, however, in that on my last evening in London I saw Ellaline Terriss, Seymour Hicks, and Edmund Gwenn gallicized in a version of Sacha Guitry's *Faisons un Rêve.* Perhaps it should be confessed that I was really in the Savoy Theatre to see Sir James Barrie's perfect little ballet-play and to worship—as who would not—at the twinkling feet of Karsavina. It should be recorded, too, that some of the pictures she made, and some of the jokes which Barrie made, are likely to remain pleasantly fresh in one's memory when those of *Sleeping Partners* have blurred into the monotonous variety of the humour of intrigue.

Nevertheless, it would be ungracious to imply that our reactions to the French piece were the regally Victorian refusal to be amused. It would be difficult to watch Seymour Hicks's antics of amorous impatience, or to follow his perfect sophistication in the arts of seduction without sharing the guffaws of the audience. The word betrays me. It speaks of laughter of which retrospect makes one a little ashamed, because it was evoked too cheaply. French comedy is so inevitably gay, so unswervingly amusing that it borders on farce. It never has—the Englishman within me nearly wrote it lacks—that sudden catch of the breath in laughter which brings it near to tears because it brings it near to life. Perhaps it is that we English have not the capacity for placing

thought in watertight compartments. We never completely see a joke because a joke depends upon a point of view, and we tend uncomfortably to see all points of view and to realize that one man's comedy is another man's tragedy. Nor can we ever forget that impropriety is not proper.

Plays where everybody is so gaily sinned against and sinning remain for us, therefore, insuperably foreign. Even though such an excellent comedy actor as Seymour Hicks perfectly repeats a rôle he has made his own, some little residue of the Briton within us remains dubious of these Restoration morals. The French know and accept a play as an abstract work of art; we cannot forbear to think of it as having some relation to life —a fault of English mentality, if you will, but a fact, nevertheless.

This difference of Anglo-Saxon outlook, exaggerated even as it is, reflected back to us across the Atlantic, shows in such a play as *They Knew what they Wanted*. The theme might easily be Gallic. The old farmer, grown rich, desires a wife and children; he goes to the town, chooses a waitress in a restaurant, causes his young farm hand, Joe, to woo her by letter, and eventually brings her out to marry an unseen husband. On the way to meet her he drives his car over a bridge and breaks his leg, so that she finds herself received by the young man, and only when the other is brought in injured does she discover that it is he she is to marry. Because she, for her part, wants a home in the country, escape from drudgery, respect, she goes through with the unequal marriage. The second act, on the night of her wedding, is an admirable study of her reactions to him, and of her acceptance of him as his simple goodness is made manifest. Then, with a quick change of action, it ends upon the passion, at once love and hatred, between her and Joe. In the last act, three months later, they learn that she is to have a child by him. The scenes when Joe hears this from the doctor, when he tells the woman, when both tell the old man with whom her life has now found ease, and to whom they are both devoted, and the final acceptance of the situation form a series of magnificently dramatic situations.

They Knew what they Wanted is one of the good things America has sent us. In the hands of its author the eternal triangle becomes a tragic and a beautiful thing; the people depicted command our sympathies. It is not only finely acted—Tallulah Bankhead is superb—but it is finely written. Not alone the big situations, but the quieter passages, the humour, the ease of the dialogue make this a play of understanding and humanity.

To the logical Gallic mind its admixture of comedy and tragedy would be inconceivable; to us it is that very fact which renders it so attractive. It is that which has made Shakespeare one of the least understood of English authors by our neighbours, and which leaves the Englishman gasping when he sees a French interpretation of such a character as Malvolio. On the other hand, it is the glory of the English drama and literature that it is so free from formula. The most typical contemporary English dramatist, John Galsworthy, whose new work, *The Escape*, inaugurates the autumn season in the London theatre, reveals in everything he has written this typically English spirit. His analytic and judicial mind causes him to see all the half-tones of human nature, to understand where comedy merges into tragedy, where good co-exists with evil, where realism is shot through with beauty. His technique carries art so near to life that it may well be the despair of our exact neighbours with their passion for outline.

By strange paradox it is this illogical quality of the English mind which gives it its power and value, as it is the clarity and definition of the French which have made their art and drama the good thing it is. In such diversity we bring our gifts.

Books

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

TWO VAGABONDS IN SWEDEN AND LAPLAND. By JAN AND CORA GORDON. With illustrations in colour and black and white by the Authors. John Lane. 12s. 6d.

JOHNSON wrote to Mrs. Thrale, "Those whose lot it is to ramble can seldom write, and those who know how to write seldom ramble." This melancholy wisdom has its endorsement to-day, when we often see good material spoilt by clumsy writing and painfully deliberate funniosity. But there are exceptions, and among them the Gordons rank supreme. They write well and naturally with an abundant sense of humour; and, being born Bohemians, they display talents both as musicians and artists. By the way they collect a new tune or sketch a picturesque figure. Thus they win welcomes in odd places of which the tourist would never dream. They are ever seeking new adventures off the beaten track. Mrs. Gordon studies a new language, and off they go. They have "no real predisposition towards cleanliness as a travelling necessity," and so they penetrate to places which supply excellent fun, but no occasion for sanitary eulogies. The pair landed in Stockholm, without the slightest idea where they were going to find a bed, and finally got a bedroom for two at five shillings a night in "the dearest town in Europe." Then they found the "almost perfect restaurant," a rendezvous of dock labourers and market salesmen. Though well-equipped for the appreciation of art, they rather sought humanity at its simplest and naturalest. They got introduced to a country farm, and lodging there met a master fiddler who played only old Swedish tunes. Once he walked eighteen miles and back with a violin and three bottles of rye spirit to get some tunes from a farmer who could not play till his heart was warmed with liquor. Shocking, but very human! The authors show everywhere a free spirit and admire what pleases them. Both supply pictures of a Hans Andersen country which seems almost too good to be true, with colour and quaintness everywhere, though the vogue of Nottingham lace curtains recalls England. They had to suffer as artists from mosquitoes and various sorts of pestering flies. Once Mrs. Gordon "shrouded herself up in a headcloth of scarlet muslin soaked in petrol . . . an open bottle of petrol in her painting sack, thick leggings, and a necktie. The weather was by no means cool. Still the flies got at her."

Among the primitive Lapps adventure took often a strenuous and uncomfortable form—odd guides, long and miry walks, smoky huts and hideous smells. But the travellers got through everywhere, and no one will say that they did not deserve their luck.

V. R.

BOOKS

AN UNEXPLORED PASS: A NARRATIVE OF A 1,000-MILE JOURNEY TO THE KARA-KORAM HIMALAYAS. By CAPTAIN B. K. FEATHERSTONE. With a map and twenty-five illustrations. Hutchinson. 18s.

WITH amazing energy and perseverance the author used a period of leave to go through Kashmir over desolate passes and across rivers to the terrific snow heights and glaciers of the Kara-Koram. But for the desertion of native porters, for whose point of view, as he recognizes, there is much to be said, he would have achieved his exploration of a pass which was last known to have been crossed by natives in 1861. The region is difficult to traverse, but offers good chances of sport. The mixture of races and creeds offers abundant human interest. Lamaism and the Buddhist monasteries are as strange to the European as twig-bridges over rivers and skin-rafts used to cross them. The ground covered is roughly that of a well-known book a generation since, "Where Three Empires Meet," but Capt. Featherstone ventured much higher, and came back with a bottle of brandy untouched. His book makes excellent reading.

SEA-GIRT JUNGLES. By C. L. COLLENETTE. With illustrations. Hutchinson. 18s.

THE author was the entomologist of the scientific party on a yacht which recently investigated several islands of the South Seas. With his lady assistant he landed on many an obscure shore in search of moths, butterflies, and beetles, and his book recaptures the charm of a world of strange and beautiful things with wonderful tree-ferns and other luxuriant vegetation. The natives encountered were never fierce, and there is no savagery in these pages, though the author records several small surprises. He notes that moths flew up against the prevailing breeze, and a large day-flying one came on board the yacht, the nearest land being 450 miles away. He visited one island which is credited with a hidden treasure, but in spite of the existence of maps supposed to supply clues, it has up to date remained undiscovered. He met some snakes, but the worst of troubles seem to have been biting insects, particulary a sand-fly. Some of the crowds of insects were extraordinary. The volume is light reading, not meant to be scientific, though it attacks interesting questions occasionally, such as the origin of coral atolls.

EDUCATION

OUR PUBLIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS. By SIR MICHAEL SADLER. Thornton Butterworth. 1s. 6d.

THIS little paper book is worth reading, for the author has both vision and enthusiasm. The river of education, as Bowen

said, has broken its banks and overwhelmed the land; and one cannot be surprised if it does not flow everywhere at its old depth. Sir Michael examines fairly the charges brought against modern teaching, which is, we may add, most fairly viewed by those who know its difficulties. How can one do justice to the stupid and the clever who sit side by side? We are glad to find support for the view that small school fees might be charged except to the very poor. If education is felt to be of real importance, and not a "sad, mechanic exercise" forced on the community, parents might do something towards paying for it, especially as experience shows that at its best it "cannot be self-supporting."

A point not to be ignored to-day is that parents forget or neglect that control over their children which used to be a commonplace, and thus present the schoolmaster with increasingly indifferent material. But in some ways the rising generation of children have, according to Sir Michael's analysis on a very interesting page, improved on their predecessors in their habit of mind. They are Shakespearean rather than Tennysonian. Close observers of education recognize the immense advance made since 1870 in freedom and variety of study. To-day a blacksmith gives practical instruction in a school. The terrors of grammar are reduced, and, happily, English and handwriting have risen in the teachers' esteem. Social welfare finds a place. The obligations of fellowship for the common weal are recognized in the school, as they are in the conceptions of ethics. Literature, including dramatization, is an instance of modern improvements.

The *curricula* for boys and girls here printed won the *Daily Mail* prizes which Sir Michael helped to judge, and are striking in their recognition both of the practical side and the claims of beauty. Girls are to be trained with a view of becoming skilled and cultivated housewives. The account books of a small business or a boarding-house are suggested for study. The mania for essays once promoted by the Board of Education is now, we hope, over. The writing of a decent letter is much more sensible and important. It should teach clearness and accuracy. The main war to be prosecuted to-day is against the untidy mind, which we see so often. Young people have gathered in their school years a jumble of miscellaneous things, but nothing clearly.

COUNTY LIBRARIES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. Reports, 1925. Constable, for the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust.

WE did not know of the County Libraries till recently, when in an outlying village of Surrey we found on a cottager's table three good, new books. They were lent under the Carnegie Trust,

which has its headquarters as far away as Kingston. These chances for reading, where a village cannot afford any library service at all, are a godsend to poor folk, and a great means of education as well as recreation. The writer who sees in libraries a reduction of the numbers of his book sold to private persons cannot complain in a case where normally no new book would be purchased at all. Not quite obsolete yet, perhaps, is the story of the mill-girls who were discussing the question of a wedding present for a friend. "Give her a book?" suggested one. "She's got one," said another.

This system of supplying books is now in use all over the country, and has already been widely and sensibly developed with the help of municipal libraries and voluntary workers who give their help gratis. So far as we can judge, the charges for transport, etc., are quite moderate. Populous as well as rural areas are now being included. The London Central Library for Students receives £3,000 a year from the Trustees. In Middlesex, where the County Library scheme began in 1922, over 45,000 books were available in 1925, and had increased in the same year to over 53,000. It is generally admitted that the coming of the County Library has already bettered the quality of reading among school-children. We are glad to notice that the necessary staffs have also been improved. A library without a competent librarian is worse than useless, and considerable taste and experience are needed to select from the extensive jungle of publications to-day what is worth reading. This particularly applies to fiction which is always in great demand. It is easier to meet the special needs of students than to supply a good novel for the grown-up. They need often to be weaned from the attractions of sentimental trash.

THE FUNERAL ORATION OF PERICLES. Translated from the Greek of Thucydides. By SYLVAIN MAYER, K.C. H. Rees. 1s.

The splendid eulogy of Athens by Pericles, which Thucydides has preserved in his Second Book, and possibly heard himself, is well worth pondering at any time, and might suggest to politicians of to-day ideals they have forgotten or never attempted. Mr. Mayer has put it into English form, and, not pretending to be literal, has presented the thought capably. In one instance only do we consider the Greek overdone, and the breaking up into shorter sentences is just as it should be. The tediously repeated contrast of "word" and "deed" is not emphasized. Pericles was original rather than easy as a stylist, and made, one must think, an unusual demand on the attention of his audience.

Scholars as well as public men can read this rendering with pleasure. The best-known epigram is rendered thus:

For we encourage elegance with economy, and develop intellect without effeminacy; we employ our wealth for a real purpose, and not for mere display.

FICTION

TOM FOOL. By F. TENNYSON JESSE. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

SAILORS in fiction were simple folk till Conrad peered deep into their souls and found there the complications of life and the irony of destiny. Tom Fould, the hero of this book, is a seaman who adores the sea and loves ships as if they were mistresses. That may be a common sentiment among sailors; but he is decidedly abnormal in his attitude to great moments of experience, excitements of danger or passion; and his sense of time ranks him as a mystic. He is felt to be queer, a fool, though successful in his vocation and in the choice of a wife. The story itself follows a somewhat irregular course in the way it is set before the reader, and the amount of shipping lore involved may well be beyond the average landsman. But the fool wears his strangeness and confronts his moments with real distinction. After losing the wife who made the land tolerable to him for a while, he finds death vividly at sea, and even seeks it with a strange joy, "because he knew that the illusion of Now was over for him for ever."

The book is remarkable in several ways: for its observation, for its sheer knowledge, and for its broad humanity. In several passages the author attains to real beauty.

SAVIOURS OF SOCIETY. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

THIS novel, the first of a promised trilogy to be called "The Realists," deals with contemporary politics as they might be with a few changes of personalities; it incidentally reflects with knowledgeable wit the devious complexity of party manœuvres. Sheridan, a capable and indomitable thruster, finds himself through the power of his press and his personality an embarrassing asset to the ministry, so a temporizing P.M. sends him off on an Empire mission to produce a co-ordinated plan which may help unemployment and will at least get him out of the way. Meantime Sheridan has found "inspiration" in a clever young girl of political family, who worships his dynamic quality; he plans a divorce to gain possession of her youth and beauty, defying political consequences, and overbearing all opposition. The combination of a singular love story and an exciting political situation holds our interest from start to finish and leaves us

anxious for the unravelling of pregnant situations. The personalities are remarkably well done, the conditions admirably actual and the interplay of interests subtly suggested.

POETRY

THE AUGUSTAN BOOKS OF MODERN POETRY. Matthew Arnold, The Scholar Gipsy, Thyrsis, Rugby Chapel; Emily Brontë; Maurice Hewlett; Walter de la Mare; Gilbert Murray. Benn. Each, 6d.

VARIOUS cheap series having been doubled or more than doubled in price since the war, Messrs. Benn have scored a deserved success with their paper pamphlets of poets. The small use of paper books in this country—generally confined to those *biblia abiblia*, the pamphlets of the learned—has always surprised us; and now, when the purses of the intelligent are often, as Catullus put it, full of cobwebs, a chance to read the best of poets old and new in good print is a great thing. Arnold's two immortal elegies rank with the greatest of that sort. Not only is he Oxford's laureate both in prose and verse, but also he can challenge any poet with his descriptions of the English spring and summer:

> Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
> And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
> And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
> And the full moon, and the white evening star.

The Oxford wanderings of Thyrsis, though they justify more than ever the poet's complaint:

> How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!

are now again associated with living poets. The writer of the pleasant introductory note says:

> The "Signal-Elm" is an oak, but grows lake [like] an elm. It is near John Masefield's house.

We think the tree is disputed. At least for William Tuckwell, whose vast memory retained and recorded these earlier days for Oxonians, it was still an elm. The fritillaries, we learn, "blossom only in Oxford Streets," as Arnold gave them a market value. At Strathfieldsaye, however, they are marketed, but abundant enough still, we hope, to run no risk of extinction. A number of beautiful poems by that strange genius, Emily Brontë, should gain a new circulation. It is these elders that need commendation to-day rather than the later-born, who are celebrated by many a reviewer. Prof. Murray's gift of graceful lyricism has brought the chorus of the Greek drama, suffering a sea-change by the way, to modern English readers.

"Augustan" is just, we suppose, a fine name for the series. It is not an epithet that frequently fits the moderns, with the

exception of Sir William Watson, who, we hope, will duly appear in the series. The Georgians of our day have none of the stately sense of security in a great ruler which enabled Horace and Virgil to write without fear, and praise without blushing. "Where, too," the modern bard may ask, "is the Mæcenas to-day who did so much for them?" Martial dwelt on the virtue of his aid for poets long since, and Heine presents Horace talking of the nine years' delay in publishing over a fine dinner with Mæcenas, adding:

> Our Mæcenases have altogether different principles; they believe that authors and medlars do best when they have lain some time on straw.

HISTORY AND MEMOIRS

SELECTIONS FROM THE STATE PAPERS OF THE GOVERNORS-GENERAL OF INDIA: LORD CORNWALLIS. Edited with Biographical Introduction by SIR GEORGE FORREST. Vol. i, Introduction; vol. ii, Documents. Oxford: Blackwell. 36s.

THIS is the last of the long and distinguished services rendered by Sir George Forrest to the history of India. Of the two volumes the first contains an illuminating introduction devoted chiefly to military matters; the second gives the selected letters.

Cornwallis's term of office (1786–1793) intervened between Warren Hastings and Wellesley, and his respectable abilities have been dimmed by the lustre of their achievements. He was the first British representative in whom the offices of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief were combined, and he actually returned to a second period of office in 1805 at the age of sixty-seven—a desperate act, as he himself described it—to die two months later at Ghazipur. Cornwallis was not pre-eminent either with sword or pen. He had considerable military experience before he went to India, but, like many persons in high office, he mistook his own value. He was anxious to retrieve his military reputation, but his campaign against Tippoo was a failure. As a reformer of the Civil Administration, however, he did strong and enduring work. His military dispatches printed in these selections are verbose and barely cover up many errors of judgment, but his letters and minutes on civil reforms contain solid and learned argument and are a sufficient testimony to his real merit. The few letters regarding patronage are refreshingly candid and outspoken. Cornwallis was a man of calm temper, sound ability, independent views and, above all, he was incorruptible. Indeed, "he carried with him from England to India the newly-established standard of public morality," and he upheld it bravely.

The selected letters are, perhaps, disappointingly few. They deal chiefly with Cornwallis's military campaign and the justification

of his permanent settlement of Bengal. He was extremely fortunate to have at home the support of Dundas, who represented the new Board of Control, and the confidence of Pitt as Prime Minister. His military operations came to a close during the siege of Seringapatam, when Tippoo submitted to an inconclusive settlement, but Wellesley's strong arm was needed to combat Oriental duplicity and inflict the decisive blow. Cornwallis was served by a splendid body of British troops who displayed wonderful gallantry; but he was hampered by treacherous allies and by shortage of transport and intelligence, and he was no match for Tippoo in strategy. The reports of his success were exaggerated to a complacent Ministry, and his comparative failure has for modern critics overshadowed his real merits in civil administration.

As regards the permanent settlement, there has been much controversy which loses sight often of the essential points. Cornwallis feared a revival of French power in India, and he was supremely anxious for stability. Not only was he prejudiced in favour of landed gentry with rights akin to our British aristocracy, but also he knew that the Ministry at home was favourably inclined to a permanent settlement on the lines already advocated by Sir Philip Francis. The privileges of the sovereign *raj* and the customary rights of the *ryots* were no doubt sacrificed; but it must never be forgotten that in the loyal adherence of the Bengal *zemindars* at the time of the Mutiny and in recent days there was secured to the British *raj* an asset of extraordinary value. The great rural population—the voiceless, toiling masses—finds greater scope under the *ryotwari* system championed by Munro and Thomason; but the final decision between these rival policies must await the world's verdict upon democracy.

Cornwallis has been rated as artificial and timid, and his performance suffers by comparison with the illustrious statesmen who dominated the destinies of India. But he can claim to have constructed the Indian Civil Service on the foundations laid by Warren Hastings. He prohibited trade by Company employees and regulated their revenue and judicial work on a practical system which has withstood the heaviest strain. In fact, he formed that "steel framework" which, in spite of the sway of communal strife and the bias of political passions, still upholds the edifice of our Indian dominions.

SMALL TALK AT WREYLAND. By CECIL TORR. Abridged Edition. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

THE "small talk" is most varied, and always interesting. Lovers of good things have long since discovered Mr. Torr, and a host of new readers should delight in the single volume which

collects a large part of the contents of the previous three. The author lives in a beautiful house in Devon half-way between Moreton and Teigngrace, and is full of good old Devonian lore. He has a grandfather to draw upon for his antiquarianism; he is a scholar full of memories of travel; he has written on ancient ships and the history of Rhodes, collected Greek vases, and started a May Queen at Wreyland. He finds out scholars cribbing references and passing on misprints, and he can give you, like Praed's Vicar,

"twenty curious scraps of knowledge."

He talks on one page of Garibaldi, on another of Wilde reading the lessons at Magdalen, or of a stately butler who apologized for last week's dinner as "all aspics and jellies," and lacking lamb cutlets. Trivial, perhaps, you may say, but food is important. It was lamb cutlets, provided by a discerning don during an examination, that made Newman's success possible at Oxford. Critic as Mr. Torr must be of the ugliness and stupidity of to-day, he is full of kindly humour, recording old ways and that country courtesy which used to be commoner than it is. The whole book is as enlivening as the tunny fish was, we learn, to the ancient Greeks. We hope this is not the last of the talks. There must still be more to be garnered by so wide a collector, both from the Fathers of the Church and the fathers of the village.

GENERAL

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY. Horace Walpole's Letters, selected and arranged by WILLIAM HADLEY; Voltaire's The Age of Louis XIV, translated by MARTYN P. POLLACK; Peaks, Passes and Glaciers, edited by E. H. BLAKENEY; Jules Verne's Five Weeks in a Balloon, and Around the World in Eighty Days, translated by ARTHUR CHAMBERS and P. DESAGES. Dent. Each, 2s.

THE "EVERYMAN" series, now getting near its 800th volume, continues to provide excellent and varied reading. Mr. Hadley has made a good selection of Walpole's witty letters, arranging them in sections. Always lively and well-written, they are a rebuke to the shallow, sloppy correspondent to-day. Voltaire's history, which pays an unusual attention to English achievement, is still capital reading, and Jules Verne's stories offer one of the pleasantest ways of learning geography, the route of the travellers being diversified with startling adventure. Those who are rather dry critics on occasion are at their best in recording mountain travel, and several writers do justice to what is peculiarly an English theme, since it was the English who founded the Alpine Club. Since Whymper's day new peaks have been conquered, but it is refreshment rather than "records" which the best type of climber seeks, and he is well represented in this selection.